

# THE INNIS HERALD



January, 1996    Bloody Freezing    Issue 3



# DETIRITUS... IMPORTANTIS...

## EDITOR? I DON'T EVEN KNOW HER!



brow with relief that exams and term tests/papers are over with. What is this piddly week we get after New Year's? It hardly constitutes a holiday. Two weeks is flat out not enough. I have lost count of the number of people who, when I asked how their holidays were, replied "Too short". I know I've said that before. Still, I guess it is better than starting on the second or third of January, which is what (unfortunately) occurred last year.

Anyways, a new year, a new term, a new Herald...What more can I say? Actually, I guess I could probably say a couple of other things.

First of all, I really want to thank everybody that contributed to this paper; working during the holidays was truly above and beyond the call of duty. I'd also like to point out it's not too late to start writing for the Herald if you haven't already. Hell, it's never too late... This is Trinis College after all. And on the issue of tardiness, the editor of the Innis Herald hereby pledges to have the newspaper out on time for the rest of the term (even if a fifteen-minute walk to class is often too much to ask). One thing must be taken into account though: however hard the editorial staff of the Herald can try, we have to work with what we've got. So, I beg—if it isn't too undignified for a pompous schmuck like myself to beg, so rather I entreat everybody to take an interest and write, write, write! Or take photos for that matter... Or call us if you have any at least mildly stimulating ideas.

Can it be? Holidays are over? They hadn't even really started... Personally, I think we should get at least a month and a half to alleviate the stress from first term (then again, I haven't yet recovered from Frosh Week and the Farm). By the time January rolls along, most people are still wiping the sweat off their

Second, I'd like to answer a couple of questions that people have been pestering me with. As one of my friends said (eloquently, I thought), "Lauren, what the fuck is the Bridge?" Well, put simply, it is the bridge between the Entertainment section (Andy and Craig, where are you?) and the Music section. It originally came about when Carrie and I were trying to figure out where articles/interviews with techno and rave-based subject matter would go. This prompted us to consider a lifestyles page...and then we realized that that would be cheesy. The Bridge is classier than cheese. It's fromage, thank you very much. It has also become much more than a mere space for Carrie and I to flaunt our dread fetish and make everybody suffer through our delirious ramblings—it truly does talk of the weird n' wacky lifestyles of the authors and subjects of the pieces on this page. Honest. Read it if you don't believe me.

And so the focus goes to the task at hand and for a while there is no thought, no editorializing... only action (and more rambling).

In these times where the entire University must deal with budget cuts and a long cold winter (it's bloody cold, eh?) the future looks bleak. We must live as though surviving through another day is a great victory. There may be no tomorrow, so we must live for today... Under these extreme circumstances, even my fromage is acceptable. So when the newspaper demands a more substantial editorial, I say to hell with that. In conforming with the recent trend of nonconformity around this newspaper, I say **DON'T EDITORIALIZE! ACT!** If you want to deal with something, put this newspaper down and get on the phone or go see somebody, who can help you. **DO IT NOW!**



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Special thanks go to Jo Kendall when we can get more?

## FOR THE COMMON GOOD: STUDENT DAY OF ACTION FEB. 7, 1996

By Joey Schwartz

For the Common Good: a term that seems to be increasingly losing its meaning with contemporary governments, especially the provincial governments of Ontario and Alberta. By their misunderstanding of what the common good is, can there be any understanding of the myopic decisions these governments have made with regards to social policy, education, and health. Hence, the February 7, 1996 Student Day of action, is designed to display students' grave concerns, objections and solutions to the recent cuts to education by the Mike Harris government.

What is the government's role in the Common Good of its citizenship? To define the government's role in the common good, I'll quote John Ralston Saul from his book, *The Unconscious Civilization*: "The most powerful force possessed by the individual citizen is her own government... the individual has no other large organized mechanism that he can call his own... Government is the only organized mechanism that makes possible that level of shared disinterest known as the public good. Without this greater interest the individual is reduced to a lesser, narrower being limited to immediate needs."

Now that government's role in the common good is defined, what falls under the common good? Education, Health, and Social Policy. The rest of this article will mostly focus on the government's frontal assault on education.

Education is acknowledged to be essential in getting a decent job in today's information oriented job market by both corporate and government officials. So why then is the government cutting funding to education, when it is more necessary than ever before? Could the cutbacks' rationale be as, Ralston Saul states, the corporate identity, with its fixation with "aligning basic education with the needs of the job market," which calls for the reduction or elimination— for example— of such 'superficially' appearing non-utilitarian disciplines like Philosophy, Cinema Studies and Semiotics; while concurrently supporting such 'practical' disciplines as professional faculties that have a potential for training people for 'real' jobs. This corporate rationale is actually producing less qualified workers because they have not been trained to critically think. As Saul explains it, "A student who graduates with mechanistic skills and none of the habits of thought has not been educated. Such people will have difficulty playing their role as citizens." So with these cutbacks to education we are being reduced by the corporate agenda to a lesser, narrower being limited to immediate needs: those of the employer.

Again, the government has lost touch with the fact that it should be acting in the

public good. By potentially polarizing the province's population into educated and non-educated people (read people with well paying jobs and people with low paying unskilled jobs or unemployment), the currently large middle-class is endangered of disappearing. This Americanization of Ontario's population, with its growing disparity between wealthy and poor, educated and non educated, will make Ontario a far more dangerous place to live and work in. If society is not stable, and Ontario starts losing many of its leverage points in the world-marketplace (which by the way are that we are one of the most educated work forces in the world and are a fairly stable society), then how can the government be said to be working for the common good? It can't.

The educational cuts are being implemented by the Conservative government's mammoth draconian omnibus bill (Bill 26), which they tried to ram through the legislature before the Christmas holidays. The bill gives broad powers to the cabinet and will take the decision-making process on important matters OUTSIDE of parliament. Does this sound like the actions of a democratic government, that is supposed to be acting for the common good, and not against it? No.

So what has the government cut? Well, Finance Minister Ernie Eves's 'economic statement' called for a \$400 million cut to universities and colleges (not to mention another \$400 million for primary and secondary education). To make the cuts appear less bleak then they are, the government deliberately stated the percentage of the cut in a way to minimize it. The cuts turned out to be an actual reduction of 15% from provincial funding to universities and colleges and NOT a 7% cut as they made it out to be (by using a figure

that includes expenditures from non-governmental revenue).

How do these cuts affect the University of Toronto? Its share in the cutting spree is \$56 million. The University's relevant base budget is \$431 million at present (according to THEIR figures). Obviously, some tinkering with the budget will have to occur, which begs the question: Who will be cut? These cuts will be facilitated by the principle of "selectivity," the administration's buzz word for selective cuts. At this time, which faculties, departments and programs will be affected is unknown; hence, we can be sure that the decisions to chop programs will be due less to educational merit than how many people will a program attract, i.e. cynically, how much more money can we make. Obviously, this decision-making process is negating the public good principles that established these programs over the last thirty-some years, and tearing over the corporate "mechanistic" and near-sighted immediate needs approach.

The provincial government has already spoken of 'rationalization.' This would mean that certain programs would be dropped if there is duplication at another university. The problem is that the process may not be 'rational.' The university administration fears that the provincial government may dictate the terms under which rationalization is carried out. On the other hand, if all the universities are left to their own devices the cuts may be haphazard and even less "rational."

By eliminating programs and raising tuition fees, the university administration hopes to recover the lost revenue from its provincial sources. What has been obscured (and mis-reported in the press) is that of all new revenue from tuition, 10% must be spent on student funding (based on financial need). That's why almost every university will probably charge the full

20% in order to receive an 18% increase directed to the operating budget. A quote from an official U of T document: "your intention [is] to use the full 20%." (Source: Memo to Principals, Deans, etc. Dec. 5, 1995) The intention is to apply the 20% increase across the board. A quick calculation that assumes zero increase in the \$570 non-academic incidental fees and a 20% tuition increase yields a total of around \$4262 for the full domestic fees. Tuition fees will not be less than this, but they could be more.

But it gets worse. International students' tuition will be completely deregulated as fast as they can do it. This is set to happen before September, 1996. It is unclear what the market will bear, but international students' tuition may be more in some programs than it is now—and what we have now has been serving as a deterrent to international students for years. In some programmes, however, international students' fees may be lowered, because the administration realizes that high tuition is restrictive.

Students will be expected to pay for these increases by either having the kind of summer job that can cover these costs (which most students do not have access to) or go further into debt. Income-contingent loan repayment plans (ICLRP) are the process of being proposed by the Harris government. With this scheme, the government has proposed that the loan will start accumulating interest equal to prime plus a cost of borrowing (1-2%) from the day the loan is assumed. What does that mean to the average University of Toronto student? Given a total loan of \$40,000, a student will owe at graduation \$49,000 because of the interest already accumulated. If the student pays the loan off at \$590 a month (!) it will take 10 years to pay it off at a total cost of \$71,000. If the student pays the loan off at \$360 a month, it will take 30 years. That student will have paid a total of \$130,000 and will be thirty years older! High unemployment among recent graduates guarantees that many students will NEVER earn enough money to repay their education loans. High tuition fees will lead more students to take out student loans.

The common good is not being served by creating this kind of debt ridden underclass. Furthermore, fearing such financial devastation, many people who would have gone to University in the past, will not go and thereby further impoverish themselves and the province.

More information on the cuts and the February 7, 1996 day of action can be gleaned from Anti-Cuts Coalition on the Internet at the following URL: <http://www.utoronto.ca/ace>. The groups involved with the Anti-Cuts Coalition are: the Arts and Science Students union (ASSU), the Association of Part-time Students (APUS), The Graduate Students Union (GSU), the Students Administrative Council (SAC), the University of Toronto Faculty Association (UTFAC), and many more campus groups.

Here are some of the things you can do to fight the cuts:

- (1) Phone and Fax to:
    - \* Mike Harris tel. 325-1941 fax. 325-3745
    - \* John Snobelen, Minister of Education and Training tel. 325-5225 fax. 325-5221
    - \* Ernie Eves, Minister of Finance tel. 325-0400 fax. 325-0374
  - (2) Call the Harris Hotline: (416) 351-0967. This is run by the Metro Network for Social Justice. They provide daily updates on events, meetings, demonstrations, etc. If you have an event that you would like to publicize there, fax it to 445-8405 (attn. Bill Howes or Janet Conway, specify "for hotline").
  - (3) Pass on any or all of this information to students in your department, friends, families, and so on.
  - (4) Contact the Anti-Cuts Coalition at the Graduate Students' Union to help fight the cuts!
 

16 Bancroft Ave. tel. 978-2391 fax. 971-2362  
 e-mail: James.Hoch@campuslife.utoronto.ca
- As citizens, we own not only the government, but also our educational institutions. The cuts to educational funding hurts us all. Take part in your democracy and show your contempt for the myopic policies that will in the end, harm more people than they help. Attend the February Day of action.

Sources for this article: Graduate Students Union, The Globe and Mail, UoT Administration



## The Meat From Ace Newshound Suzanne Stephenson's Interview With Innis Principal John Browne

The Meat From Ace Newshound Suzanne Stephenson's Exclusive Interview With Innis Principal John Browne.

### SO WHO IS JOHN BROWNE ANYWAY?

John Browne, the principal of Innis College, graduated from the University of Toronto with a Ph.D. in classics. There were no jobs available in his field, so he joined National Health and Welfare in Ottawa. He was responsible for long-range planning, and a cross-Canada study of health centres. Mr Browne returned to the University of Toronto Medical School and became the dean of planning. He sat for three years on the Innis College Council, before becoming principal of the college in 1984. Mr Browne teaches a graduate course in medicine.

### UPON ASKING MR. BROWNE WHERE INNIS IS GOING IN 1996

Two years ago, a university-wide planning process was instigated. The college submitted a plan of objectives to be accomplished between 1995-2000, which has been approved by the provost. The statement makes public the aim of providing the highest possible quality services to the students, such as microcomputer, math and stats labs. The plan also suggests the integration of programs and services (for example, E.N.S.U., writing, library), cooperating for the benefit of all. Mr Brown also hopes that integration will take place between the new residence and the college itself. The move from Vlad made for a rocky first year, but more interplay is taking place now. The last major goal that Innis has is to "teach ourselves" and communicate findings to other universities. Each unit within Innis has small, robust goals for itself within the larger plan. For example, the registrar's office is looking towards making registration a much more straightforward procedure, perhaps introducing registration by e-mail.

### HOW ARE THE BUDGET CUTS AND TUITION INCREASES GOING TO AFFECT THE COLLEGE?

There will be a budget reduction at Innis of 7% between 1995-2000. These cuts will be made in the administrative section of Innis, rather than directly affecting students. The office of vice-principal has

already been eliminated, the responsibilities divided among the remaining administration. It was first announced that U of T would be suffering a cut in excess of fifty million dollars. The college has a budget of slightly less than \$3 million. The cuts will be folded into the original 1995-2000 plan, rather than abandoning the original framework. For now it is business as usual at Innis, and all plans still stand. The cuts that Innis must suffer will be spread over a period of four years, with the deficit running highest in the first year. The effect begins on May 1, the start of the new budget year, in which Innis will have to bear a 1.5% cut. This amount represents a quarter of the amount which must be reduced over four years. The Innis College Council has decided to pay now, then spend a year (1996-7) to devise a plan of how to take the balance of the budget. The small divisions of Innis may be pressed very hard, as larger groups have bigger budgets. The Council must think of better ways of regrouping activities in order to save money in the long term. Innis College is alright for now, and can probably find the first payment without much difficulty, but the next few years will be a struggle.

### WILL THE CUTS AFFECT INNIS SERVICES?

The Council knows how it plans to proceed in a broad way, but the specific impact on Innis services and organizations is at present unpredictable. This term and next, the committees and College Council will create a supplement plan of how to cope with internal budget constraints.

### WHAT ABOUT BURSARIES AND SCHOLARSHIPS?

John Browne stressed that he believes Innis scholarships and bursaries should not be reduced by the budget cuts, but rather, increased. The provincial government is actually pushing universities in the direction of expanding financial awards. One half of the increased tuition fees must go to increased student aid. A major funding plan is being put into action at Innis for 1997, and scholarships are at the top of Mr. Brown's priority list. An additional \$10-20 million is being requested for undergraduate scholarships, which will be awarded in proportion to the number of students attending Innis College. Within the college, Mr. Browne would like to see more scholarships being rededicated to increase their value. The greatest financial press now and in the near future is upon the Capital Committee for Student Aid. Scholarships, the residence, the registrar and counselling services will be constricted by the cuts. How drastic this constriction will be is uncertain.

John Browne realizes how tough it is to be a student

today. On average, a year at university costs ten thousand dollars, and that amount continues to increase. Innis students have enough to worry about, and they need the student services.

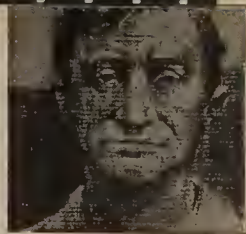
Mr. Browne would prefer to reduce the administration for the sake of student services, many of which are student-operated. The financial state of Innis could be better, but we are not in a dire situation. The changes being made to cope with the budget cuts are, in many cases, changes that need to be made anyway. (i.e. smooth registration and course selection) After this year, when Innis uses 1-1.5% of it's budget, it must think carefully, and perhaps confer with other colleges. Inter-university communication will become essential in these trying times.

### HOW WILL THE ICSS AND HERALD BE AFFECTED?

If the total price package of tuition and incidentals becomes too large, some student societies may have to decrease their fees. The students running these organizations may have to become very entrepreneurial, and/or seek corporate sponsorship to supplement their costs. The effect of the cuts on student societies will be indirect. Only Innis students can answer their expectation of groups like the ICSS.

### FINAL WORDS.

John Browne sees an important message in U of T's approach to the budget cuts. The plans are in place, after being widely circulated and debated within the university. The University of Toronto can feel confident that the framework has been constructed, although the exact answers for dealing with extreme financial strain have not been arrived at. Mr. Browne knows that there is too much at stake not to think and plan carefully for the cuts. He thinks forward to what students 8 or 9 years from now will say about Innis (long term) problem solving. Mr. Browne thinks improper planning is like writing an essay at the last minute: fear gets in the way of plans and the mind is not open to all possibilities.



¡ ESTA ES TU PAGINA DE NOTICIAS! SI QUIERES ANUNCIAR ALGUN ACONTECIMIENTO O DESCUBRISTE ALGUNA NOTICIA IMPRESIONANTE SOBRE INNIS, O CUALQUIER OTRO LUGAR (YO TE ESCUCHARÉ - ESTOY DESESPERADA), POR FAVOR DEJE SUS ESCRITOS Y CUADRUPELOS EN LA OFICINA DEL HERALD (RM. 305) DIRIGIDO A SUSANNA.

## Strangelove? Yes, Naked Lunch!

January promises to be a good month for movie viewing at Innis College. Free Friday Films (Sponsored by SAC, and programmed by the Cinema Studies Students' Union), will be screening 35mm film prints of such cult classics as: *Naked Lunch*, *Doctor Strangelove*, and *Bande 'a Parte*.

David Cronenberg's 1993 hit, *Naked Lunch*, will be shown on Friday, January 12, 1996. The film is not a complete adaptation of William Burroughs' famous and landmark Beat Generation book *Naked Lunch*. Rather it is an exploration into Burroughs' life leading up to the publication of the book. The film's narrative is decidedly non-linear, mostly dream-like in construction; just like the weirdly bizarre characters that populate this Sci-Fi/Horror/Trip Film (how's that for categorization). Things to watch for and enjoy include mugwumps, and that all pervasive "bug-powder."

What is there to say about Stanley Kubrick, other than he is the greatest living genius in American cinema today (even though he now lives in the United Kingdom). *Doctor Strangelove*, or *How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb* (1964), is the darkest of all 'Black Comedies.' A basic theme of the film is that even with all our failsafes, our technology still comes back to massage our more primitive instincts: sex and killing or creating and destroying. The plot moves almost in real-time, as a lunatic air force general orders a nuclear bombing attack on the Soviet Union, without the permission of the United States government. Peter Sellers plays three different characters in the film including the movie's title character: Doctor Strangelove. Other performances not to be missed are Slim Pickens as Major K. Kong, and George C. Scott as General Buck Turgidson.

Jean Luc-Godard, another cinematic genius and one of the fathers of contemporary underground or non-mainstream cinema, is responsible for *Bande 'a Parte* (1965). This is the film that directly influenced Quentin Tarantino and his film shown earlier this year by Free Friday Films, *Pulp Fiction* (his production company is also called 'A Band Apart'). Like most Godard films, this one does not contain a clear linear narrative, nor your typical editing techniques that simulate continuity in space and time. A great film to warp your mind by.

For more information about these films and the rest of Free Friday Films Schedule, please check-out our groovy website at: <http://www.io.org/~cineaste/fff/>

All films are shown at 7:00 p.m. in Innis Town Hall, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave, just north of Roberts Library. Come out and have your mind expanded, if not exploded.





## A Condom Nation

by P. Funk

In this day and age you can't go around just jumping into bed and having wild sex with everyone you meet, no matter how much you want to. You see, the sex isn't always wild. No, seriously though, there are zillions of icky diseases you could catch and the potential of little unwanted rug-rats to watch out for. The most widely used method of birth and disease control by swingin' students is the prophylactic device commonly known as the condom. Now, even though my step-father says using a condom is like sleeping with socks on, you know and I know that they are necessary; even if it does reduce sensation, a condom also reduces your chances of being the recipient of any of those already mentioned diseases and rug-rats. So, I figure we could all benefit from knowing the ups and downs, ins and outs (pardon the pun) of Toronto's available condom selection...

Starting with the freebies, the Kama Sutra condoms often found in the distinctive matchbook-like "Innis On Us In Us" covers plain out blow. Friction, which is usually a good thing, is detrimental to these silly little pieces of latex; so unless you have a less than average sized willie on your hands these condoms tend to rip and I've even heard tales of the um...explosive nature of the reservoir tip. Basically, the only good thing about these condoms is that they are free. Which doesn't really help that much since they don't bloody work.

Also easily available for free at the Koffler centre are After Sevens, both lubricated and (ouch) dry. Not recommended for extremely well-endowed men, these rubbers are functional and do the job. Well, you do the job, but the point is that you can do it without the pesky little suckers breaking, exploding, multiplying or other such catastrophic happenings. Sometimes if you're lucky they may just have put out a box of Sheik condoms. Sheik is one of those handy bigname brands that gives you a wide variety of types, lubricated with spermicide,

ribbed or extra-thin, textured and flavoured, chocolate and strawberry coated...okay now that's not true, I just like this brand.

At The House at 149 Prince Arthur also offers freebies, and they give out those funky coloured Life Styles condoms, yet unless you're kinda weird hot pink latex might not turn you on...I thought that I was at least unconventional and it still made me laugh. Still, black condoms are very sexy... and if you go to the Condom Shack on Queen St just west of University you can find black condoms that are either licorice or black currant flavour. This brings me to a question that plagued me for a short while...the question of edible condoms. Since condoms that you can eat would surely be porous then wouldn't that make them useless for their intended purpose? I mean, what with having holes in them and all... Anyhow, the lady at the Condom Shack told me that edible condoms are novelty items that should not be used if you intend to actually get nekkid (as it were). But since it's a condom shop, they did stock most of the flavoured-but-not-edible variety (including passionfruit, root beer and bubblegum) because frankly, most lubricant and spermicide tastes downright awful. I counted 24 different kinds of condoms...for example, condoms shaped and wrapped to look like chocolate coins, japanese condoms that were so thin I was too scared to use them, condom earrings, dancing condoms and many many more. Stud condoms are interesting, they boast "extraordinary durability, exceptionally thin latex and a textured tickling tip for extra sensation and pleasure." The picture of the Chippendale-lookalike Stud representative on the package definitely wins the most cheesy award. The condom's not bad either.

Sensibly, the Condom Shack also stocks Ramsses, Trojan and Ortho-Gynol condoms as well. These are other big name condom brands with fairly reliable products that can be found at the average drugstore. Trojan, along with being the first big company to boast a "large" size, makes very sturdy condoms lubricated with nonoxynol-9 (a spermicide) that don't smell too spermicidal and their plain



There once was a man from Brazil,  
Whose girlfriend was not on the pill,  
With a bang and a bonk,  
Magumph squish kerplong,  
A pregnancy later gave Phil!

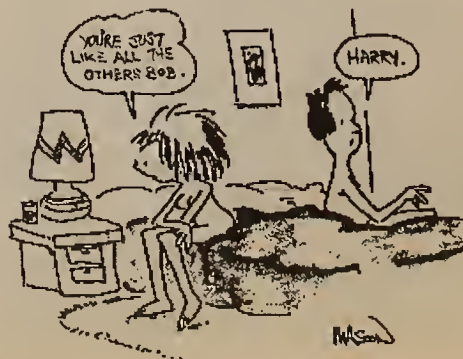
Sometimes a condom doth break,  
As a result of a cyclone or quake,  
The latex might rip,  
From the base to the tip,  
Unfurl the one-eyed trouser snake!  
- L.Byron

lubricant is ungreasy and not overplenty. Ramsses are nice and thin but they use far too much lubricant. Ortho-Gynols are what they gave out for free in my high-school sex-ed class, and are efficient, pretty elastic-y and can take the heat. There seem to be very few condoms that are lubricated with spermicide, thin, ribbed, flavoured, textured and are extra-large all at once... How unfortunate.

I only came across one female-intended condom in my extensive (but fun) research for this article. This isn't discriminatory or anything, but they're butt-ugly. They look like sandwich

baggies only deeper. Dis-stinkily unsexy. Until those wacky scientist dudes cook up something more aesthetically pleasing (or flat-out, less gross), my opinion is that you should stick to the normal kind. Lambskin condoms are really expensive, very thin and don't filter out disease. These run about twenty five dollars for only four...but you can find at least one kind that is reusable. Still... this rubber certainly ain't no rubber.

My final words of advice to the masses on the subject of condoms are to keep cool, try to enjoy the performance and don't lose your head under pressure.





# ...MORE...MORE...PLEASE...

## The Perfumed Garden

by James Depew

Know, oh Vizier, the posture called The Mutual View of the Buttocks. The man lies on his back, and the woman, turning her back to him, sits on his member. He now clasps her body with his legs and she leans over until her hands touch the floor. Thus supported she has a view of his buttocks, and he of hers, and she is able to move conveniently. This position, according to Sheikh Nefzawi, author of *The Perfumed Garden*, is a humorous variant which is visually exciting without the use of mirrors. Now I have your attention. Upon being asked to write a piece concerning Tantric sex, it was immediately apparent to me that many readers would appreciate a good dose of the obscene (yes, even me). However, after further consideration, I decided that I would not lower myself to pander to the readers' appetites, and would instead leave this for their bedrooms (or offices, cars, rooftops, what have you...). So without proceeding into a list of sexual positions, the length of which, being accumulated over centuries, would run this paper well into the thousands of pages, I hope to provide a framework of sexuality that would allow for intelligent and heartfelt experimentation. The uninitiated man of ancient and medieval times feared the succubus, the aberrant demoness who violated the proper order of things by straddling him in his sleep, and sucking his soul away. In the case of modern man, art has freed the way for what Freud called 'the return of the repressed' allowing the forbidden to bear its luscious fruit. Studies of American sexual behavior in the fifties found that in general the working classes did not indulge in oral intercourse, though the intelligentsia revelled in it. Most often it was only that conscious and intelligent elite who found their faces literally confronting their genitals in a mysteriously compelling act that seemed to touch upon the very foundations of consciousness.

One of the midrashim (folklore variations of biblical stories) tells of Adam's life in paradise. Adam was unhappy, for he saw that the animals of the Garden lived in pairs and coupled, though he was alone. Adam undertook coupling with the beasts in the field but was unsatisfied and cried aloud, 'Every creature but I has a proper mate!' God was moved by Adam's whining to create a mate for him. In the manner of his making Adam of dust, He made Lillith from filth and sediment. Upon God's presentation of Lillith to Adam, Adam was overjoyed and quickly set to mounting her in the fashion of the animals; but Lillith protested and exclaimed, 'Why should it be that I am on the bottom, and you on the top?' Priapic Adam was in no mood to explain appropriate sexual etiquette (from his point of view) and so he simply tried to compel her obedience by force. In her fury, Lillith uttered the magic name of God, rose into the air, and left him. Lillith is often seen as the shadow side of Shakti (who represents the divine feminine as Cosmic Energy), and embodies the distortional psychic energy that occurs when one seeks to experience the spiritual while still maintaining control through the ego.

At the top of the spinal column, the brain gives Adam his mastery of lan-

guage, and his tongue gives mastery over element of air; but this top-heavy mastery is incomplete and unmatched below.

At the base of the spinal column, Adam does not have mastery; for he feels lonely and sexually incomplete. "As above, so below", an axiom from Hermetic mysticism, gives a vision of physiology where the tongue is connected to the penis via the spinal cord. One organ is the master of the "logos spermatikos," the other, the master of the seed of life. In the higher regions of spirit, the spermatic word is master of the elements of fire and air; in the lower regions of matter, the sperm is master of the elements of earth and water. In Lillith the symmetry of "as above, so below" is complete, for she has the female lips of the mouth which can pronounce the magic name of God, and the female lips of the vulva below which can receive the semen of Adam.

The revulsion of Lillith corresponds to the rising up from the subconscious that which would be denied by the rational, male consciousness. Like the ouroboros serpent which turns to bite its own tail, the spinal column brings together the mysteries of language and sexuality, mouth and genitals. What the midrash describes is not simply the division of labor in a patriarchal society, but the structure of consciousness as it is revealed by the sacred architecture of the human body.

This ancient physiology of sacred sexuality survives today, in a variety of forms, but perhaps most popularly in that of Tantric yoga. In practice the Tantric yogi silently intones a special mantra. While reaching states in meditation wherein the vibration of his brain reverberates (note the literal meaning of this as a vibrating word) in his spinal column, this begins to stimulate a sympathetic resonance at the base of the spine. This vibration at the base of the spine responds to the vibration intoned with the mantra in the brain, the genitals become flooded with another feeling of vibration, the penis erect, with the resulting vibration in the brain becoming light, intensely energetic, and ecstatic. In Tantra, the Fall into the body is reversed and human consciousness is able to escape its entrapment in matter. In the religious traditions, and here I emphasize religious, loss of semen is loss of soul, and so the yogi is counseled to abstain from sex so the seminal flow might be reversed to rise to the brain, through the chakras, or energy centres, or the body as the serpent kundalini. At the topmost chakra the yogi's energy may pass out of the body, rejoining the Cosmic Ocean, or matrix of energy that underlies all life.

The ancient Jewish tradition, too, emphasized the seminal flow. In other stories of the midrashim, Adam, in penance for his fall, abstains from all things sexual for 130 years, but is not able to control his nocturnal emissions; in his dream state female spirits, the succubae, come and have intercourse with him, and with Adam's seed they give birth to demons. When man does not face the instinctive and the unconscious, when his consciousness is split between the daylight of his waking state and the nighttime of his unconscious dreams, then he projects his desires and gives birth to hallucinations in his psyche. In other words, the succubae climb on top of him and use his power to give birth to demons. In Tantric intercourse, or maithuna, neither the man nor the woman is on the bottom in the sense of inferiority, but both sit in equality, face to face.

Tantric physiology may focus on the magical numinosity of the male semen, but the experience of the awakening of kundalini is not an exclusively male phenomenon. With women, the menstrual blood is seen as the carrier of power, and the womb is seen as a sacred vessel. The spinal polarity in women is not between the genitals and the brain, but between the heart and the womb. In the intense religious practices of the yoginis or nuns, the menstrual period can stop altogether. Arresting the energy (prana) associated with lunar menstruation stops time and the woman is taken up into eternity, giving birth to herself. Now, whereas the experience of the awakening of kundalini in man floods the genitals and causes spontaneous erection, the equivalent experience in the woman causes an ecstatic rapture that can be described as an 'orgasm of the heart.' Upon examination of the staff of the Roman god Mercury, the caduceus, two snakes are seen to coil around a central rod surmounted by two wings of a bird on top. An initiate of Tantric yoga knows that the two snakes symbolize the two nerve channels, the ida and pingala, which spiral around the central passageway, the sushunna, of the spinal column. The snake symbolizes the chthonic force, the kundalini, and the bird the higher realms of consciousness, the being which is liberated and flies off to heaven. Among different cultures around the world this knowledge is re-rendered in the imagery particular to a place. In India, the image of a lotus is used. A lotus has its roots in mud (the subconscious), and has a slender spinal stem which passes through the water (the physical plane of consciousness). It then blossoms upon the water, facing up to the sun (the superconscious). In Mexico the image is a tree in the jungle; its roots are in darkness and its spinal trunk rises up in the dappled light, and there on the top of the tree, facing toward the sun, the brilliantly coloured Quetzal bird makes its nest. For the snake to rise up the tree to find the sky and become a bird, or a plumed serpent - Quetzalcoatl - is yoga expressed in ancient Mexico. Whereas in ancient Egypt, the raising of kundalini was depicted in the raising the djed pillar of the god Osiris.

In any case, it would seem that many of our preconceptions about our sexuality and how it relates to others, may be drawn, to some extent, from the sacred traditions which root culture. It may also be possible that there are some lessons to be learned from this sexual history (you didn't think you knew it all, did you?) So the next time the lights go out, and its just a slick of sweat between you and the next closest heartbeat, you'll know who's to be on top.

"What you call passion is not spiritual force, but friction between the soul and the outside world." - Herman Hesse





(sorry, that's skating)

You know, every so often the time will come when you just need to get outside and play... even if you're a lazy bum like myself that has a phobia of weather colder than about zero. A really good way to enjoy winter's gifts is to smoke a joint under a pine tree and go ice skating. I realized today when I talked to a friend (to invite them to come skating) that I had assumed that everybody had ice skates and that skating was a part of everybody's childhood like it was mine. Ix-nay. Not only did my friend not have skates, she hadn't gone skating since she was eight years old. I was inordinately shocked. So shocked in fact, that I forgot to be nervous that I hadn't gone skating in about seven years myself and was about to risk my life on an ice rink to drag my sorry ass around in concentric circles on two narrow blades of metal.

It was a zen experience. The sound of my skates grating on the ice was rhythmic and strangely soothing. As I glided smoothly over the ice, remembering how to cross my feet over each other and daringly attempting to skate backwards, I realized that if I looked up into the night sky I could see millions of fat white snow flakes falling to the ground mingling with the stars. At first I thought I was really stoned and seeing spots, but then my vision cleared and I realized just how beautiful winter could be... Cheesy but true. One of the best things about the altered state of consciousness is the heightening of your awareness of the beauty of your

## by Damian Tarnopolsky

As co-editor of the *Innis Herald*, I am frequently told to hunker off up to my room without dessert until I've learnt some decent manners. I don't mind though, because it gives me the chance to write self-indulgent columns and work on my zen poker game. When I'm sitting up in that roost alone though, thoughts come, and while there is little I hate more in daily life than being lacerated in print by infertile whining, the thoughts go something like this:

As co-editor of the *hahls Herald*, I am frequently asked to donate various limbs to Frank "Shady" Glasses & Partners, exporters of luxury cosmetic products and limbs'. I don't mind though, because comparatively drunk (legless, oh dear) and harmless (armless? oh no!), I rest on the floor of my most and think about the newspaper, child of endless sweat and full of numberless spilt proponents of the class struggle. And, hugger li, though there's nothing I hate more than a self-indulgent masturbatory squib that only the co-editor and his 'friend' will read, here it is: frankly, the Herald needs you. Not in the way it needs money or sexually deviant marsupials, but it needs you nonetheless. Yes you've read it before, I know, *hahh blaah blaah* if you want to read something worthwhile you'd better write it yourself *hahh blaah blaah* and until by a mixture of mafia hits and shamanic ritual I fell into the co-editorship I'd read it too. Only different, because it was me, and I was wearing a tweed jacket. Now I write it. The Herald does need you, to take photographs, draw pictures, 'lay out' (this bit is especially fun) and to write. For writing is truly the blood of the Herald. Writing flows through each issue, makes the Herald bluish if you tell a dirty joke about it, spills out onto the floor when you cut up your Herald to line your burgle cage with it, transmits infectious diseases to the other newspapers on campus, and so on. Without it, the Herald would be very empty. Imagine this column without writing in it! I know, it wouldn't be that different, and it might even be better, but imagine if it was your blood, oozing over everyone's hands as they picked you up, massaging all those knuckles into a reddish mess, transfused into other consciousnesses. If you were pretty enough, you could even become the co-editor, and start an article (your own blood) with:

As co-editor of the Herald, I am frequently asked to transmit rogersome "Dead Poets Society" like calls to action, all of which I hate, since I am of the contemplative nature. If I were reading this, I should know full well that the trigworthy ideas of some post-adolescent with the mind of a protozoan calling upon me to seize up an un-repining pen would be the last thing that would make me do it. If I were writing, I would write, and perhaps not for the Herald. But I might have picked up the newspaper anyway, if only to steal some ideas, and then I might be getting around to this line, finishing this sentence, and I might be thinking 'Jeepers sergeant! I can do better than this! Just give me the Olivetti and a pair of ugly ducklings and I'll have an article for you by murning!' Imagining I were the co-editor again, for all my cynicism, I'd know I'd write the bloody call for submissions anyway, new year's resolutions and all that, and Pd probably be getting to around this sentence too, begging for writing on anything from convent life in Sao Paulo to the Vegan jazz scene, hoping I might, for once just work, at least trying to kick myself into submitting something to Room 305 of the old building at Innis, whoever I might not be, coming to a meeting, sitting down with quill dipped on lapoin in lap and starting with something like:

AS co-editor of the *Innis Herald*, I am frequently asked to just hand in the sodding article and make the tea.

surroundings. There are some good places to smoke'n'skate outside in Toronto.

When winter is as cold and crisp as it has been lately, being outside and surrounded by nature combined with ice skating is truly a meditational happening. The public rink at Christie Pits (Bloor and Christie) is pretty good, and is open until ten at night. The skating attendant on the weekend is a stoner, so you can smoke by the rink. But watch out for children, families and undercover cops looking to nab small time park duffers. Never hush from the park guys here; they will rip you off and insult your physical as you walk away.

my world. At the south-western corner of the town square, the Grubny is stuffed with Russian legends and made up, with a crazy story of a legion of soldiers that marched across the ice in the depths of winter to fight the Americans in 1812 and the entire sheet of ice underneath them giving way and all of the thousand men plunging to their deaths in the icy waters of one of the deepest ponds along the Golden Horseshoe. The hosts are a famous tourist attraction... okay, it's a bit exaggerating, but it's cool (literally) to see snow-covered with such a feeling of history and it's really big and there are pits for bonfires strategically placed on the parameters. It's so cold there's no problem finding places to smoke, the only drawback is that it's so huge that a hotbox would be a complete impossibility.

Near campus, you can go to Jean Sibelius park between Brunswick and Kendall avenues north of Bloor. It's a nice rink speedily created by Toronto Parks & Recreation with the aid of garden hoses but is well tended. Fun and solitary in the evening, you can smoke joints as big as your leg on this rink, but every now and again you have to hide them from the neighbourhood residents walking their dogs. This park is the Big-Bop, Class A canine met market. Here you can witness with your own red eyes the love affair of Mimi the poodle and Bowzer the Schnauzer.... But I'm getting off topic again.

Even closer to campus is the Robert St. Rink by

the Aura Lake playing field just north of Sussex a block west of Spadina. You can't smoke on the ice, but there is a sweet little hole-in-the-whole bloody field so that you can. Bring a friend, bring a beer, and you can hell throw a rave. Enjoy the view, the players and the dazzling lights. You can practice hockey hours a day. (they have a moderate amount of equipment) and you can easily solitary skate. The Aura Lake is just north of College (Near the intersection of College and College (Near the intersection of College and Edward school and the Aura Lake) in the evening you can use the ice for your entire home made rink to yourself. If you have any problems that if you smoke a cigarette or overly large joints here the neighborhood hood hoodlums will sniff you out and jones off of you, mark my words. But there are lots of good places for hot chocolate after your adventure on the ice; the Mars, Koss and Lola's Lounge within a stoners throw of this rink make it an opportune scenario for the munchies. And if you feel like doing the meringue or a tango or three, you can cross the street and boogie down in the Plaza Flaminco.

There are a couple of things you have to remember while skating stoned: don't forget to drink water, watch where you're going and TIE YOUR SKATES COMFORTABLY!!!! I found that tying them too tightly made my feet go numb (a very odd experience) and tying them too loosely gave insufficient ankle support and you wind up feeling rather ungraceful and wobbly. Feeling wobbly while being hiked on ice is kinda inevitable because you have to admit that frozen water is goddamn slippery stuff. But fortunately my knees stopped trembling after the first few minutes and I just got into the groove of it. That's what sport skating is, it's a groove thing, it's a trip unto itself and holy muck! Batman it's even bloody good for you. Imagine that...

Can you take pretty pictures? Or can you do weird things with a camera? (Actually, we don't want to know what exactly you can do with your camera, we want the photographic results.) Either way, any way for that matter, we just want some neat pictures, preferably not too obscene to print (but they're okay anyway...we just can't publish them). We are offering a meagre award of a Sutherland Chan message to the first place photo and three rolls of film for the second place photo. So, if you're interested in submitting a photo or three, then drop them off to us at room 305 Innis College.

## The Ten Stages of Ice Age Survival

by Dave Lazar

As the glaciers creep closer to our great Toronto protrusion, it is time to once again look at what it would be like to freeze over in a bad-ass ice age. In fact, if you look closely at the Northern horizon from atop of our CN Tower, you will understand this to be true. The ice age is coming, my friends, and we must prepare.

**STAGEONE:** Intoxicants. Load up, baby. When this thing strikes, you're going to want to be hammered. Not to mention the fact that alcohol and other mind altering substances are made to stand up to the cold for just such a day. Stick any bottle with a high alcohol content in the snow for a few hours and its still fully drinkable. Tastier in fact. As for smoke - just be sure to have a hell of a lot of matches in whatever shelter you choose.

**STAGE TWO: Warm Clothing.** It cannot be stressed enough how invaluable a couple of sweaters will prove. Make sure they're designed with wintry themes. It is clear that in order to maintain peace of mind during an ice age one must completely forget the concept of warm sun. Summer? What the hell is that? Grass? Isn't that what we smoke to forget the frost caked on our beards? As soon as the glaciers begin their advance we must immediately adopt a policy of full self-deception.

STAGE THREE: Canned Meat. Even if the ice age never shows, it's imperative you have a lot of this stuff around at all times. It's just so damn good.

STAGE FOUR: A Warm Shelter. Begin work immediately on a hut made entirely out of the reactive powder in Hot Shots mit warmers. You will also need a powerful crane and a hook so as to shake and shimmy your shelter around every few hours to activate the warmth.

**STAGE FIVE: Weaponry.** When the ice age strikes, the weak become food. Without a collection of crossbows and guns, some one could easily enter your hot-shot shelter and boil your ass with some vegetables. Canned meat can help here as a distraction or to buy time.

**STAGE SIX: Body Hair.** Toss your razors, blow up your shaving cream. You're going to need all the fur you can get. Not only can body hair up your warmth, but exploding highly pressurized bottles of shaving cream can keep you entertained for hours.

**STAGE SEVEN:** Snow seal your cracks. You will find snow angels and ice sculpture to be your new hobbies. Hell, they'll be everyone's hobby. So as to keep snow out of your crevices and orifices I recommend a full snow sealing of your body. Ski wax and shoe polish work well.

**STAGE EIGHT:** Make use of frozen pets. Unfortunately, not everything will survive a glacial onslaught. A frozen dog can make a fabulous rocking horse with a couple of curved, wooden planks on its paws. Look to rodents (gerbils, hamsters, guinea pigs) as bookends and centres for big, painful snowballs. A solid, frosty cat will always be admired as a lawn ornament or hair brush if you're lucky enough for it's fur to freeze in even, well-sliced chunks.

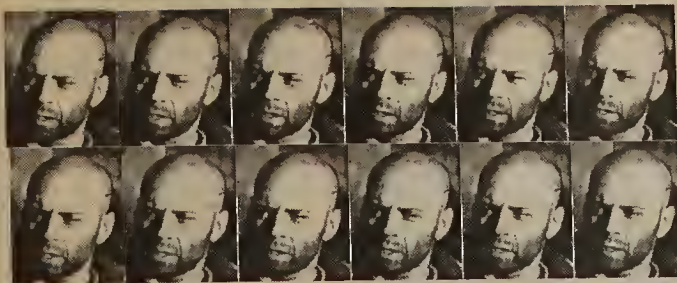
**STAGE NINE:** Suck up to Norwegians. Norwegian mythology has always had it that the world will end in a great winter that will freeze the very seas. These decades of preparation will make them indispensable in your sub-zero existence. I recommend luring them with salted harn, peanuts and mulled wine. I've also known a few Norwegians to respond well to cheese.

**STAGE TEN:** Don't Scream. Just don't, it's too loud and it won't help. Not to mention the fact that you'll usually be hung-over. It should be noted that if a Norwegian asks you to scream, it is acceptable. Don't be fooled by the wily Swedes, however. Even if they try to coax you into screaming with attractive smiles and chocolate. If you find yourself tempted launch a gerbil-centred snowball at their leader and chuckle confidently.

If you follow this ten-stage program, you will walk gloriously on the ice-caps and step lightly through the snow



# ... INNIS... PERFORMANCE...



## Twelve Angry Monkeys

Damian Tarnopolsky

Monkeys have been getting a bad press lately, which strikes me as terribly unfair; I mean, some of my best friends are monkeys. From *Planet of the Apes* on, and even before (remember Cheetah, Tarzan's "best friend"?), the monkey metaphor has been an easy way out for filmmakers eager to make some profound statement on the human condition but too lazy to think of an original way to do it. Our hairy cousins are like us, closely related to us, but, ah-hah, strangely different! Different enough to reflect and skew. Fascinating! In the *Apes* flicks they're enough like us that we recognise ourselves, and see what a mistake it was to blow up the Statue of Liberty, or something. Deep, I know. Monkeys really are ready made for this sort of thing, and the tiresome use of them continues through 80s aggression, when a Rollins song about drug addiction turns into a messy rant like:

*You are looking at the monkey, and the monkey begins to grow. And pretty soon all you can see is the monkey. Look deeper into the monkey's eyes. Pretty soon, all you can see are the monkey's eyes. And pretty soon, the monkey's eyes become your eyes...BAD MONKEY! BAD MONKEY! BAD MONKEY!* (shouting)

*Monkey see, monkey do, monkey will destroy you!*

But enough of that. The monkey shows us another tinge in the tragic Oedipal/masturbatory saga *Spanking the Monkey*, which despite the protests of animal-rights activists, is apparently actually not bad. The monkey as past, the monkey as foreign, and yet the monkey as mother. Lovely.

In this light, it is perhaps a shame that Terry Gilliam's latest, *Twelve Monkeys*, doesn't play the monkey card more strongly. BAD MONKEY! The possibilities are intricate, with the twelve monkeys as apostles, or months, the tribes of Israel, the days of Christmas. However, Gilliam doesn't think to explore this; he draws the viewer in with the talk of monkey monkey, but as it turns out the film is only marginally about monkeys, so you have every right to feel cheated if you expected a decent primate feature. In this sense it is rather like the Marx Brothers' near-classic "Monkey Business", which was hilarious but hardly had any monkeys in it at all, unless you count Zeppo. *Twelve Monkeys* does feature the aptly-named 'Army of the Twelve Monkeys', which bodes well, and they do seem to be planning some sort of monkey-based apocalypse (BAD MONKEY! Don't you love saying that?) but I counted screen time for monkeys in a long film at about 38 seconds.

Of course, matters improve if you count Bruce Willis in the monkey category, since he's in about every bloody scene, and this does return us handily to the whole question of man-monkey-metaphor, but I'm damned if I'm going to consider Bruce Willis a stand in for me, smirk or no smirk. Terry should have known better.

The film, rest assured, does look great, and despite the relative absence of monkeys is disturbingly entertaining. Gilliam's production designers do the business again, with a dystopian future that looks a lot like *Brazil*, but with more plastic (if too few monkeys). If you can put up with another fairly interconnecting parallel narrative, this one at least has the virtuous excuse of being predicated on time travel. Madeleine Stowe does a decent job in a monkey suit (if only), and the film's ending, which when I saw it allowed for all sorts of enjoyable jumping around the jungle to resolve some minor ambiguity, throws a wrench out at you. Worth your first-born monkey. (Next time, see the film before reviewing it - Ed.)



## Heat

A Review by William O'Higgins

This is a movie that I spent eight bucks on, and didn't mind a bit. At just under three hours long, I left this movie feeling fed. It is partly an action movie, and partly a drama, so there is something for almost everyone. This movie has lots of star power, but that never guarantees good quality.

"Heat" is a caper (or heist) movie. That means that it has to follow a proven formula. If you pay attention to such things you will see this formula used to great effect in Michael Mann's earlier effort, "Thief" with James Caan. You will also see this formula in the lamentable "Hudson Hawk". Luckily there are no thick-witted CIA agents in "Heat". In following the classic formula there is a successful heist to open the film, to get you hooked and to see how it is supposed to work. This is very well done, interesting and flashy, and it sets up several elements which will be used later in the movie. The first fifteen minutes are not typical of the film, however. This film, like many of director Michael Mann's previous efforts, is about the people who commit these crimes, and the people who try to stop them.

As the film unfolds we get inside the heads and hearts of the good guys and the bad guys (though choosing which is which is a difficult choice), seeing what makes them tick, and seeing the extraordinary sacrifices that their lives bring upon them. The movie ends up being about sacrifice, rather than robbery, but no one in the audience seems to mind.

There is quality dialogue throughout the film, though the makers of promotional trailers would have you believe otherwise, and the acting is fair. The fact that the actors are some of the most acclaimed on the planet (Al Pacino and Robert DeNiro) is a blemish on the record on the director, for only eliciting a fair performance. There are several scenes in the movie that leave the audience on the verge of shouting, "Cut! One more time, and say it like it matters to you, for (place deity of choice here)'s sake!" The movie also shows the truth in the saying that too many cooks spoil the soup. There were four editors, and they obviously cut the movie by committee. If there had been one gutsy editor the movie could have been cut by forty minutes without the loss of anything essential. If that had been done in conjunction with Michael Mann having the balls (pardonnez mon Français) to tell some of the most respected actors in the industry that they are not doing it right, the movie would be Best Picture by anyone's measure.

In spite of a few flaws, the movie holds together, and hold its audience for the full term. If you are going to see a movie for full price, this one is the way to go.

## The Art of Watching Late-Night Television

by Miles Ford

Like many people of my age and disposition, I am an insomniac. There are nights I don't sleep at all, my body aching but my brain unwilling, my eyes opened heavily to the slow dawn as it muscled its way through the venetian blinds. I've tried reading myself to sleep, I've even tried counting sheep (the sheep never show up, leaving me with a lonely fence in my mind), but to no avail. I've had to take up watching T.V. There is a television in my room and it stares at me. I hate watching T.V. but am lured back to it every night. I watch late-night television so much that it has become an art - something one devotes one's whole life to. That's why this piece is aptly titled "The Art of Watching Late-Night Television". Another might be "The Religious Practices of a Television Junkie." You decide. (Ed. - Okay)

Let us first consider the infomercial (I say first because there is a temptation to discuss the late-night smut films on Viewer's Choice, a topic completely unsuitable for a newspaper of this dimension). If you were to flick on your television at around 2 a.m. after all the late-night movies and talk shows had ended, you would find the channels littered with these things. In a breath you can get your car waxed, lose weight, extend your life expectancy, cover your bald spot, know your future, become a millionaire, and beat your addiction to alcohol. One of the more dubious characters of the infomercial world right now has got to be JoJo Savard. She comes to us with that Quebecois flair for showmanship and carries out her late-night psychic future telling much as one of those televangelists that knock people unconscious with the "Power of God" (these are preachers are also inhabitants of the late-night world. What is it with JoJo? She sobs as she recalls predicting her brother's death when she was five. Personally, I couldn't bring myself to trust anyone with big silver-hoop earrings and candy-red lipstick with my future).

If you get bored of straight half-hour advertisements just tune into the 24 hour a day commercial station, the Home Shopping Network. They sell bizarre things at 3 in the morning. Have you heard of the man in California who has genetically-cloned DNA taken from strands of Elvis Presley's hair? By the grace of late-night T.V. now you can own a strand of your very own (or at least a very reasonable facsimile thereof). And it seems that someone has dumped a very large pile of worthless Star Trek paraphernalia on the Home Shopping Network's front lawn. No offence to any budding Trekkies out there (or Trekkers, as they prefer to be called) but if you have ever wished to own a device by which you get to hear the theme song of the original Star Trek series every time you raise your toilet seat, there is something very wrong with your world.

Another interesting thing to do is to flip to the Discovery Channel or The Learning Channel in the middle of the night. Who said that T.V. wasn't educational? I am a better man for knowing the seasonal mating habits of the rare Sardinian mouflon. Although there has yet to be a show about the infamous blue armadillo which lives on the southernmost tip of Chile. Maybe next week. They also re-run the Operation show. I have seen a facelift, a vasectomy, open-heart surgery and corrective surgery for arthritis. I am waiting for brain surgery. There are some days I wish that I would develop some strange growth or tumour just to achieve this level of fame - how many people get to be drugged unconscious and sliced open on international television (I hear the scalpels they use are real and the doctors aren't actors)!

Despite my cynicism, late-night T.V. gives me pleasure. It's like McDonald's. You know you're going to feel sick after eating the food, but you eat it anyways. It's a quick fix. It makes you feel warm inside to know that 25 times the population of earth has sat just as you are, chewing on a quarter-pounder with cheese and a box of French fries. They're even doing it in Russia now. Late-night television is another one of these modern narcotics; the very nature of its empty materialism and vapid morality gives you a sense of yourself, a sense of belonging. All you need to do to purge your demons and redeem your soul is to pick up the phone and dial a 1-800 number. At the other end you will find a courteous computerized voice who will cater to your every whim. And I must be honest: late-night news are lonely hours. The world is asleep. It comforts me to wonder whether somewhere someone is sharing in this little ritual, be it infomercial or operation. I laugh at what I see, it helps me to forget my troubles. I just hope that there are people out there laughing along, that someone out there even gets the joke! Because the art of watching late-night television is the art of looking into your very soul, and finding only a neon sign, flashing on and off: "For Rent".





## The Magnetism of My Soul... The Iron Content of Their Lunacy

by Jenn McLeary

I'd like to know what it is about me that crazy people find so irresistibly attractive. It's like they're drawn to me. No matter where I am or what I'm doing, they always manage to track me down and spend the next hour finding ways to pester, humiliate and generally annoy me, until some sympathetic (but usually snickering) stranger comes to my rescue. That's another thing: these embarrassing little occurrences always happen in very public and overpopulated places, where there are many people who, it seems, have nothing better to do than witness my mortification with intense interest.

An excellent example of this is the subway. I am developing a distinct phobia about riding the subway alone. It's like there's a sign above me that reads "Attention Crazy People: In This Seat Waits A Choice Victim." Last week, for instance, I was sitting on the subway as it roared into the Yonge station. Though a large crowd of people poured through the opening doors, one man in particular caught my attention. He caught everyone's attention. This was because he was singing a song about the beautiful sunshine at the top of his lungs. And, although there were twenty or thirty people on the car, he noticed me immediately and came over. When he reached me he stopped singing and said, "Will you marry me?" Dead silence fell over the car as all the people who had ignored the singing stopped talking and looked at me. I said "No" in a barely audible

voice. The man was undaunted. "Well, will you have my children?" I blushed, painfully aware of the thirty or so pairs of eyes fastened on my face. "No," I repeated. Fortunately, we arrived at my stop just then and I ran away. Literally.

But you see, incidents like this one with Subway Guy happen to me all the time. I think it has something to do with my face. Crazy people must be able to tell, just by looking at me, that I am the sort of person who is too shy (or chicken, or whatever) to tell them to piss off, but will stand there miserably, growing redder and redder as they subject me to all kinds of, well, craziness.

Many people warned me, before I moved to Toronto, to beware of all the Weird People in the city. But what they don't understand is that for us Crazy People Magnets, weird people are not a phenomenon that can be avoided. It's as inescapable as death. Even when I was at home, hanging around in smaller cities like Barrie, I had many strange encounters. There was one man in particular, well known to those who frequent that city. He was easily recognizable because he had a unique and special relationship with—a lawnmower. He was never without it, pushing it along the sidewalk as if it were a baby carriage, maybe talking to it for all I know. He waited quite some time, but one day the inevitable happened. I was coming out of a bus station when suddenly I saw him waiting for me outside. As I was already almost through the door, I decided against going back inside—tempting though the thought was. I approached cautiously. I noticed, with some disgust, that he was picking his nose. I edged gingerly around him, keeping a good two feet between myself and The Finger, and was almost to the curb when he started talking to me. I turned back around and was horrified to discover that he hadn't removed his finger. I still have no idea what he said to me, partially because his hand was in front of his mouth, and partly because I couldn't drag my fascinated eyes away from that probing finger. I managed at last to get away, but the memory of Finger Guy has haunted me for years.

Sometimes my particular brand of Crazy People can become almost aggressive. Once, while visiting Quebec, I was leaving a club at about 2:30 or 3:00 in the morning. The streets were packed, because this is the second rush hour there—the time when all the bars in Ottawa are closing, and people are still making their way across the river. It was a beautiful summer night, and I was watching with amusement the crowds through the open window. I imagine I was smiling, I don't know; anyway, my eyes met those of someone just ahead, and I guess the look and the smile were all the encouragement he needed. (We can only guess at the thought processes of Crazy People, let alone...Car Guy.) He headed purposefully towards the car. Panicking, knowing that my fear was groundless and deciding that I was damn well going to panic anyway, I hastily rolled up the window. Then I realized that he was reaching for the door handle. I brought my fist down on the lock just as his fingertips met the door, and gazed, wide-eyed, up at him. He laughed, the light of insanity gleaming in his eyes, and moved off. I collapsed, heart pounding, into my seat.

There's really no solution to my problem...no way to "demagnetize" myself...unless, of course, I were to be come crazy myself. I could buy a lawnmower, pick my nose, and sing loudly about sperm while trying to break into someone's car. Maybe then they'll leave me alone. No...I'll probably just get arrested.



## The Turban Is Not For Sale

by Cass Enright & Damien Boyes

So you're sittin' on the subway. It's late. Or early, but what does it matter. You're gonna encounter someone off kilter on the "Better Way" even if you try not to. The following includes a list of thoughts - observations maybe, about our local subterranean transportation system.

1. Your kooks, dweebs, dorks, metalheads, weirdos, crackpots, oddballs, freaks, bloods, stoners, fools, buffoons, dolts, oafs, and other Paul Shaffer-like characters are easily dealt with thanks to this guide:

Step 1: How to identify one of the above. Generally, they are holding lengthy articulate conversations or arguments with no one in particular. They may be accompanied by small animals or rodents, usually shaved. They are generally unfamiliar with the concept of cleanliness and will often ask their invisible companion for a wet-nap.

Step 2: How to deal with one of the above. Remain calm. Avoid eye contact. Few actually have violent tendencies. Don't make any sudden moves. Don't let them know that you possess money. In short, ignore them. Don't open up a brand new CD and look at it, especially if it is Slippery Nipple (they love Slippery Nipple!)

### 2. The Drunks.

Step 1: How to identify one. They have a definitive smell. Alcohol, of course. Optional stench may include: vomit, breath mint, cologne, Listerine, B.O., and/or the reek of barnyard animals. They stagger, sway, and consider the alphabet to be A, B, C, D, B, D, D, B, G, Z. They will have a hard time walking in a straight, or even zig-

zag line. They will be unable to pronounce the word "jabberwocky". Finally, they may also be carrying a paper bag, commonly with an L.L.B.O. logo on the front.

Step 2: How to deal with one. First and foremost, upon hearing the phrase "I'm gonna spew," never offer to save the floor of the subway by cupping your hands under their mouth(s). There are TTC mob boys paid to clean the floor, it is not your problem. If one happens to begin to talk to you after a good hurl, do yourself a favour and offer them a breath mint. If this happens, calmly exit at the next stop and walk home. It won't be as bad as trying to make small talk with a drunk with barf chunks at the corner of his/her mouth(s).

### 3. Religious Zealots.

Step 1: Identified the same way as previous steps, only carrying a Bible or similar religious propaganda/scripture/pamphlet. They will approach you and begin to converse. Show no fear, they feed on fear. They may seem like unsuspecting individuals but they are definitely not. Two words: cordony uniforms!

Step 2: What to do. Just listen, nod, and smile. Occasionally, scream out "Praise the Lord, hallelujah, Amen!" just for effect. Do not give them money, your name, address, telephone number or any other personal information, as you will live to regret it (especially Scientologists, they will follow you everywhere!). If you feel the dire need for religious discussions, the subway is not the place. If you must talk religion, call Earl Fryer, of the Toronto Church of Christ (no affiliation with the Innis Herald) at 820-3034 (this is not a



joke...this is his home phone - he will actually talk to you!). Earl's successful concert dates have included: Sun. Oct. 17 - Massey Hall: Jesus, the True "Last Action Hero," Sun Oct. 24 - some convention centre: "Guilty as Sin" - Appreciating the Grace of God (only the penitent man shall pass!), and Sun. Oct. 31 - Massey Hall: "The Fugitive" - Surrendering to God.

Finally, as a tip to all Herald-reading TTC commuters - if you really need a seat on the subway you can always act as one of the aforementioned nuts. You may even get an entire subway car to yourself, if you're good enough. When mumblyng we suggest any of the following, all proven to be quite effective: (in a gruff, gravelly voice, repeat continuously) "rainin' on my furniture," (eyes wide open, head darting) "they're everywhere man, they're everywhere" (with a Bible in your hand, staring) "have you met the Lord, sinner!? The end

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## The Best Rock Band In the World

BY NOAMI NEVER

As a precursor to my New York rant for which I've used my Christmas vacation as fodder, I must first state that this trip was delayed by 12 hours because I am a moron and locked myself out of my house minutes before I was scheduled to leave. After a few hours of brutal cold, my housemates returned and the true nature of my luck was revealed: when I turned on my radio to our schlepmy CIUT 89.5 FM, I was blasted by none other than the very mighty BOUCHE who was in the midst of a celebration of Lemmy's birthday with, like, multiple 20-minute sets of MOTÖRHEAD, for chrissake! Could there be anything cooler on the radio and could my luck be any better for locking myself out? Many many kisses to the Mouthie (pronounced like the thing on the back of the quarter) for keeping me awake with such greatness. Strangely, when I began to type this, some primo early Motörhead manifested itself again on CIUT and this is frightening.

On January 7th, as the ink is wetting this pulp, Motörhead is playing the Limelight in NYC — luckily they visit us Torontonians on January 19th; the connection to my ramble is that Motörhead, of course, have a song called "Ramones", which Ramones themselves do live. Also, Joey Ramone wears a Motörhead T-shirt on the cover of his collaboration with his brother who's current band played C3GB's Christmas night along with those mentioned hereafter. George Tabb (of Iron Prostate/Roach Motel/False Prophets/MRR

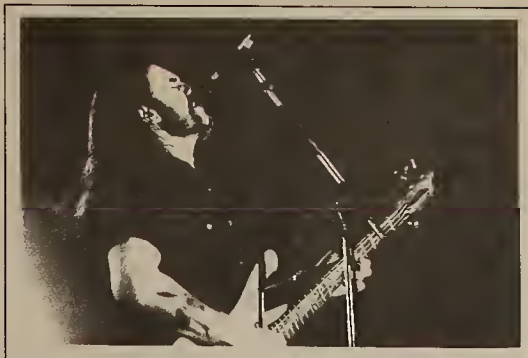


photo by noami freeman

MOTÖRHEAD (TBRBITW) comes to Toronto's RPM on January 19th. GO!



photo by noami freeman

The Camp (Marge Simpson) and Charlie of BUGOUT SOCIETY at CBGB's December 25th, before the Toilet Duck was consumed...

### The Cowboy Junkies 200 More Miles (BMG)

This is not music that you will find on CFNY, though you might occasionally hear it on Q. It is not entirely blues, and it is not entirely country. It is entirely Canadian, if you happen to base your musical descriptions on CRTC guidelines, and it is one of the better music values out there this holiday season. This is a two-disc set for \$14, and both discs are just short of an hour of fantastic, unedited concert performances by the Junkies over the past ten years. The venues range from the Ontario Place Forum (being rest its soul) to the Royal Albert Hall in London as well as the good (?) old El Mocambo. This collection has all the tortured, hard-wrought soul that fans have come to expect from the Cowboy Junkies, but with the raw edge that comes from singing and playing their hearts out in front of real people. There are the spoken intros that punctuate every concert experience, and they help bring to the whole experience a rich immediacy that is often lacking in live recordings. If you are already a fan of the music of the Cowboy Junkies, this set is an essential part of your collection; if you are interested in hearing what these people are about, these are the discs that will let you into their hearts so that you live the music along with them.

W. N. O'Higgins

few strays and had Charlie hurl the Mitzvah Tank (the disguised capsule for 50 rounds of meaty ammo) onto their table. (Another Motörhead-related fact: Bill Laswell, who produced *Orgasmatron* also produced Bugout Society's *Yo! Baby, S'up?* LP, which can be conveniently purchased at stores such as Rotate This and Vortex on Yonge.) Weirdest moment of the night was hanging out in the deserted, soon-to-be-redone basement of CB's while Bill (Bugout) Florio interviewed a very drunk and (pointlessly) fully-costumed Santa about being a law-enforcer in NYC, as a saved-off pipe behind him periodically discharged a flood of questionable-looking water into the floor.

Essential Purchases: At the show, I met Mike from Puncrock Records who's Electric Frankenstein 7" completely blew my mind and prompted me to purchase EF's Exit Records 7" and Belgian 10", neither of which have quite the same John Brannon (Negative Approach) vocal stylings as Mike's, but what can you do? So, as I and many others have proclaimed Motörhead to be THE BEST ROCK BAND IN THE WORLD, I now conclude that Electric Frankenstein is THE BEST NEW SEEMINGLY UNPRETENTIOUS PUNK ROCK BAND IN THE WORLD. (NOTE: I used the cover of their 10" as Music logo; Full Blast Records, that I've used as inspiration for logo text, is a record store located on the south side of Bloor St. West a block-and-a-half west of Bathurst. My friend Louanne just opened the store and it's the coolest in downtown Toronto for surf, punk, garage, etc. I figured since the *Varsity* stole the "Rotate" phrase, I could give some advertising to Toronto's only punk rock store.) *NEWS FLASH* I just saw the Speed Kings and the Sinisters at the El Mocambo and they are so kickin' that they kinda live up to their (Motörhead) moniker!

**INNIS BAND ALERT:**  
29 Pictures appear at the  
Horseshoe Tavern on  
January 15 th

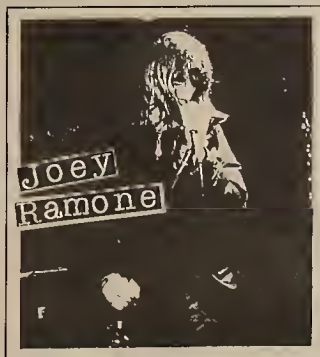


photo by noami freeman

Joey doing "Blitzkrieg Bop" with The George Tabernacle Choir at CBGB's Christmas Day



Echobelly/Echobaki  
All My Oi! split 10"

(a one-sided release that is a freebie to *Forced Exposure* mag.)

Fast mayhem thrash that rips with aggression in the norm of Sweden or the U.S., this accelerating disc packs a mean bass wallop with loud splashing of the cymbals. Thrusting power keeps EB alive and attacking with every note. Catchy choruses and rhythmic mosh beats, combined with slurred gravel vocals make up the basic musical structure of this 10". The would-be power is kept to a minimum due to the semi-poor production as Gastunk fire it up again with a metallic storm of hardcore excitement. Baki's vocals dominate the entire affair as they should. Hardcore riffs with metal leads is just one of the reasons this band has risen so fast in Japan. More like Finnish than Swedish hc, there are some tunes here, but it's largely a non-metallic dose of crazed thrash energy. Vocals ruin it completely and the Beatles' cover just doesn't make it.

Lunch Bunch Son of Hippy Killer

### 29 Pictures Slippery Chair 3-song independent cassette

From out of Pickering hails the insistent and determined four-piece sound machine of 29 Pictures (their name comes from something to do with how many films the big E appeared in). Their debut three-song cassette bearing the name *Slippery Chair* starts out with an appropriate rocker that could appeal to anyone; it makes me feel like a monkey on Ritalin — "When There's Gone" flows in and out of punch so often you'd almost think it was spiked by two high school kids at grad. "Disappear" possesses a flowing yet trance-setting bassline that would take Lou Barlow of Sebadoh to school. The strongest number on this mini-length cassette comes from the four-and-a-quarter-minute "Just Another Day". Mike Caverley's voice croons along with the harmony while guitarist Mike Audet teases the listener with just enough distortion. "Support my habits, then terrorize my point of view" is a line that sums up the feeling and atmosphere of the tape to a T; the tape leaves the listener addicted, craving more. With a show that shouldn't be missed coming up at the Horseshoe Tavern on January 15th, Mike, Mike, Jeff, and Kadia are guaranteed to make you wish they had T-shirts for sale at the end of the night.

Jason Spencer



# INNIS CLUBS



## Secret Clubs and Organizations at Innis.

by Chris Kebbel

When most university students think of clubs, they automatically assume that you are talking about the variety where you go out, drink, dance, (fall down) then (hopefully) find your way home. Here at Innis however we have a few of lesser known variety of clubs, those where people who share similar interests get together and . . . well, . . . share similar interests. Among the clubs at Innis are some self evident ones such as the ski club, but has many more obscure ones such as the I.R.S., I.B.C.S., S.P.A.M., and something going by the vile name of A.A.C.

The ski club, led by James Venuti (who is also the fearless president of the Innis Residence).

The ski club is well underway. They

are planning a mass ski-trip to Blue Mountain, but if you're interested by the time you read this article and haven't signed up yet, alas it is too late — you are past the deadline.

The I.R.S., not to be mistaken for that popular U.S. tax department, is the Innis Roleplaying society. Obviously this club is devoted to the promotion of roleplaying games, commonly abbreviated: RPGs. The most popular RPGs seems to be a game called Shadowrun, but most members are willing to play (or at least try) any RPG. Also included in the I.R.S. are those very select members of Innis who enjoy playing MAGIC. For those of you not familiar with this game (we know who you are!) MAGIC is a card game, where players spend ludicrous amount of money, to have other players killed! Of course it's all in the name of fun!!! For more information contact William O'Higgins, who is often caught hanging out in the ICSS office.

The I.B.C.S. is the Innis Beer Connoisseur Society, devoted to the appreciation of the finer Ontario beers (brewed by microbreweries of course) and the beers of the world. It is rumored that they originally were to be called the Royal Toronto Beer Connoisseur Society, however the Queen refused to give her royal assent to the club, after the president of said club decided to demonstrate his skill at belching. The club goes on regular tastings at some of the finer drinking establishments that Toronto has to offer, with some of their favorites being a place called C'est What on Front Street, the Rotterdam on King St., and mostly due to convenience Selyn's at Bloor and St. George. The club is also looking into taking a trip to one of Toronto's many U-brew facilities to try their hand at brewing for themselves. The president is Cass Enright and the Vice-President (drinking) is Bruce Phillips, both of whom frequent Innis.

S.P.A.M., is not some perverted form of meat byproduct. It actually stands for "Senseless Provocative Asian Movies". It's first screening was scheduled for November 26 and featured the Japanimation flick "The Mermaid's Scar" followed by "Hardboiled" from director John Wu. To attend films you must sign up in advance with John Yu (that's Yu not Wu). Who also (like some of us) hangs around Innis A LOT! (losers, ed.)

The A.A.C. is Innis' most elite club, and also the most secretive. What is it? Unofficial sources say that A.A.C. stands for the A.A.R.E. Appreciation club. What is the A.A.R.E.? Well nobody really knows but rumors persist that it can be tied to vast exchanges of funds from Swiss bank accounts, to several groups in the middle east, and also to several incidents of senseless vandalism. All, alas, are rumors, for the author could not neither substantiate, nor disprove these statements. What could one of Innis' meager clubs be hiding? The official budget for this organization is \$1, however, why would the I.C.S.S. bother with a club with a budget of \$1 . . . Could it be hiding something else?

Not interested with anything here? Start your own club! Just talk to Chris Kebbel (wait a sec . . . that's me) who, unlike most people mentioned in this article, doesn't hang out around Innis much anymore (that silly part-time, quickly becoming full-time job). I can be reached however by either phoning the ICSS office at 978-7368 and leaving a message, or via that hi-tech email at christopher.kebbel@utoronto.ca.

## THE AARE CLUB

or How the ICSS Office Became Green  
by the Divine Leader

Once upon a time, in the far away country of Kanata, there was a place called Innis College. It had a glorious and fabled past, where ancient warriors and heroes would often gather to tell tales, write poetry, drink, feast, and generally be merry. Unfortunately, this did not last forever. The inexorable grind of the wheel of time has left little or no evidence that such a place even existed, let alone flourished, as the myths claim. Until now.

Modern day Innis College now resides at 2 Sussex Ave. With its hold lines and other-worldly architecture it seemed quite isolated in the midst of monstrosities such as Roberts, or the Victorian quaintness of the neighbouring residences. This has caused many prominent architects and historians to forward theories in an attempt to explain this phenomenon. One such theory was proposed by the eminent Sir Builds Alot, an architect of much renown. Upon knowledge of his own teachings and information gathered through laborious research, not to mention the psychics and seers that consulted the spirits from beyond, he reached one great stunning conclusion: It was unnatural. "Never in my life have I seen something so unnatural," he was heard saying at an Architectural Congress. He postulated that the building itself was an attempt by space aliens to communicate with earthlings, and that any signs of green paint were meant as overtures of peace. His psychics backed him up on this theory. Even with the overwhelming evidence that he had to support his theory, people were still skeptical. Circum researcher Rory Tate was called in to give his two cents worth. "I didn't find any ercles, no trace remains of peanut butter were found, and most importantly, not a single report of an Elvis sighting. I don't know what's going on, but I think that we're quite close." So, time for extreme measures.

The famous archaeologist Aare Voitek (no relation to the deposed president of the Aare Club) was called in to solve the ancient mystery. The project was started in early summer, 1995. Progress was slow at first, and the beers were warm. There was sifting through materials, Carbon dating was done. A magnetometre reading was taken, but proved inconclusive as the empties spoiled the results. Nothing seemed to work, but he would not give up hope. After an extensive Thermoluminescence survey was completed, Mr. Voitek determined that Room 116 was the optimum spot for excavation. By flaking away the layers on the walls of this room, Mr. Voitek hoped that his team would find something, anything. Finally, a breakthrough was made: some words in a forgotten language were found. "Blisk lee". A clue to the past, an understanding of the present. The elated team of scientists decided to celebrate their first major discovery by quaffing a few Carly Lights. Calls of "Let Crom count the Dead" and "By appointment to the Royal Danish court" were heard resounding throughout the halls. Passersby turned up their collars and hurried past, glancing furtively about.

The now much happier researchers returned the next morning to the dig, their spirits high and their eyes bloodshot, complaining of the brightness of the afternoon



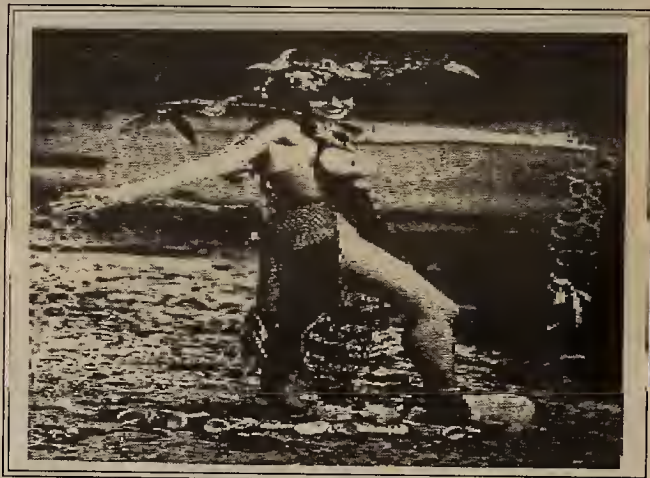
This is letter for all students of Innis College and all other people who are interested (provided that those particular individuals are a good shot with a gun.).

The Vladimir House Liberation Front (from here on I will refer to said organization as VLF because I am too damn lazy to type what I wrote above or anything else) was born in a dark, smoky, dusty, and just plain disagreeable room called Room 301, a.k.a. Carolyn's Room. And it was good. Vlad was bad in those days. The residents of said residence were downtrodden by the aristocratic garbage of the dictatorship of the leaders of Innis, embodied by a strange and gullible despot by the name of (hey, I'm no asshole) Senor Xyez. This individual had a secret service known as the Vlad Gestapo working for him. Innocent pots and pans and cutlery guilty of nothing but mold were "disappeared" by the gestapo's malevolent death squads. Like I wrote, times were tough. The VLF destroyed all that (along with an oppressive wall in the basement).

The VLF is back to save all you poor bastards in the NEW RESIDENCE from the same oppression that it eradicated in the hallowed halls of Vlad in the days of yore.

Stay tuned....We're back.

Generalissimo Coulo Snapdad



sun. To their astonishment, they discovered that a lot more progress had been made than they had remembered from the night before. Mr. Schuster, a grunt worker on the site, was overheard saying "Wow!". Many new messages had been revealed, some boasting of the exploits of forgotten heroes, others of legendary figures of the past. And at last, real progress. Mr. Voitek, head of the operation, revealed his notes for our article.

Captain's Log, Stardate Mid-September, 1995. "We have been working non-stop since the project started, except for a brief stoppage of work due to lack of funding. The final layer was shipped away early yesterday morning. Many curious and strange designs and statements were found. We are not sure what they mean, or if they are words at all. Our chief interpreter, Mr. Zeidman, has had difficulty deciphering the symbols that we unearthed. (This is mostly due to the poor lighting conditions that are prevalent at night, his usual wake-up time.)"

Captain's Log, Supplemental. "Mr. Zeidman has reached a conclusion concerning the strange art that was found. It tells of epic adventures, the hesting of mighty beasts, and of the wondrous feasts following such feats. We were able to translate one passage quite conclusively: 'Our names lie here immortalized for all time. The vast amounts of beer that we consumed lay at our feet for all to see. We are the ...' and here the passage deteriorated, leaving our artists anonymous."

Later that week the Herald approached Mr. Voitek, and asked if he had any conclusions regarding the information gathered thus far. He told us that the space alien theory was definitely not the way to go on this. But, he did come up with an interesting theory of his own. It proposes that Mr. X, the architect of the college, was inspired by the ancient Innis of bygone myths, and rebuilt it in its image. The inscriptions on the walls that were found were forged, put there simply to confuse and hamper the attempts to uncover the truth. A chemical sampling of the wall art was taken, and it turned out to be plain black marker. Their conclusion: several drunk bastards were in the office and wrote on the walls, trying to emulate the lives and heroes of bygone legends. The green paint job in the office is a result of eco-warriors. Very interesting.

In a surprising development to the mysteries of the wall art site, a source close to the Innis College Student Society (ICSS) claimed that the "archaeologists" were responsible for the defacing of the walls of Room 116. They apparently drank lots of beer, and in their revelry, decided to "leave their mark", as it were. This led to their shame, the forming of the Aare Club (which specializes in painting and other constructive endeavours) and eventually, the repainting of the office to cover their "handywork".

And so we have the story of the founding of the AARE CLUB, which, depending on what one believes, also explains the facelift that the student office received.



# INNIS. FUN. AND. GAMES.

## 90210's Kelly seeks ontological affirmation with bat and ball

Henry Sampson lived at the once famous Adelphi Hotel in Sheffield, in England's northern county of Yorkshire. Harry "Liver Trauma" Sampson, as he was known to his friends, was Yorkshire cricket's ice champion. Though of diminutive stature, Sampson made regular appearances after his death in 1884 (from stroke) on various sunnyside California sitcoms, from the "Young and Breastless" to the "Famous and Forlorn", culminating in a guest appearance on the ill-fated "Nostromo" season of 90210. It was in this guise, 160 years after his early century against Sheffield Cricket Club, that he succeeded in enlightening Kelly as to the particular conflicts of her existential situation, encouraging her to be-through-flirtation.

Sampson's most famous knock was the 162 at Little London Dam, which uniquely in the annals of the game was scored on ice. Reproduced below is the scorecard:

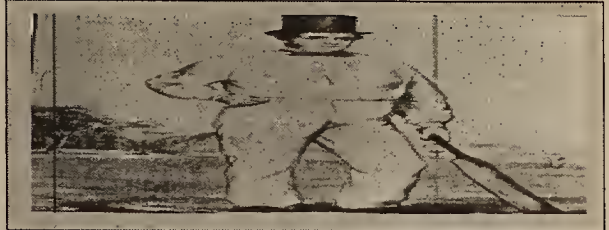
### FIRST SIDE

Smith	c. Rogers	0
Saville	b. Rogers	0
Ward	c. Parkin	0
Harrison	b. Rogers	14
Sampson	b. Rodgers	162
H. Wilson	b. Rogers	35
Dodworth	run out	62
Padley	run out	0
Hawthornthwaite	run out	2
Cam	run out	2
TOTAL		311

### SECOND SIDE

Oates	b. Sampson	2
Parkin	run out	6
Ashton	hit wicket	0
Wild	run out	0
W. Padley	not out	0

TOTAL 8



Close of day prevented further play - The umpires for the match were Messrs Vincent & Hydes; Scorers, Messrs H. Beely & J. Green.

This match was always, by its mere inaccessibility, guaranteed a certain primeval delight. Sampson was also famous for his unbeaten 138 under water (again at the Little London Dam some months later), and his probably-never-to-be-repeated 288 in the galaxy M38. It is one of the odd coincidences of such statistical feats that the only other innings of 288 made by a left-hander was also made from beyond the earth's gravitational pull, and by more mysterious coincidence still, the father-in-law of the actress who played Brenda's (Kelly's friend) mother was once at Sydney Cricket Ground at the same time as Yuri Gagarin. Before leaving this non-plussing man, a note from his career in the pre-soap days is of interest: Nicholas Wanostracht of Parr's XI was fielding at point for Sampson's batting, and he persisted in annoying Sampson by approaching to within a few feet of the bat. Greatly riled, the great ontologist told Wanostracht - Now, Felix, if you stand there I shall lash out and knock you down". The fielder stood his ground and true to his word the batsman knocked him down, prompting Kelly's second phenomenological crisis.

- Z. Stroessner, with files from 'the Cricketeer

### INTRAMURALS STARTING NOW:

#### MEN

- 4 on 4 Volleyball
- Water Polo
- Ice Hockey
- Indoor Soccer
- Ball Hockey Tournament
- Basketball

#### WOMEN

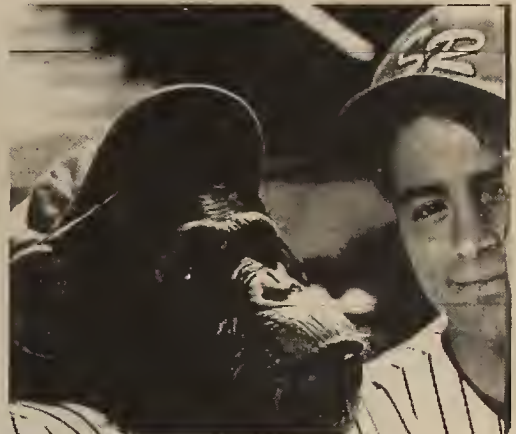
- Volleyball
- Basketball

#### CO-ED

- Volleyball

SIGN UP SHEETS AND SCHEDULE POSTED AT INNIS ON BULLETIN BOARDS JUST ABOVE THE PIT.

LET'S GET PHYSICAL!!!



CHIC E. MONKEY AND LOU GEHRIG

This  
Is  
Page  
Eleven  
Not  
Two

## Bowling, Anyone?

Innis is hosting a bowling night!

Where: Meet in the Innis Pit

When: 8:00pm, January 19

Who: All welcome!

Why: Why the hell not?

BALLS, BALLS EVERYWHERE !!!!

### Innis Scoreboard

#### MEN'S

Division II Hockey  
Quarter Finals: Pharmacy 4  
Innis 0

#### Division II Volleyball

Game 1: Law 15- Innis 13  
Game 2: Law 16-Innis 14  
Law Wins 2 games to 0

#### CO-ED

1st Term Playoffs  
Semi-Finals  
Phys-Ed 2- Innis 0

Good Guys 0 Assholes 72



# THIRSTY... CASS



## IBCS TO REVIVE INNIS PUB CRAWL COMPETITION

another in an ongoing series of enlightening articles for all Innis beer connoisseurs

by Cass Enright

Deep in the dark enclaves of the Innis College Student Society lies a trophy. This trophy, a massive melding of wood and gold (-like substance) has been collecting dust for years, never

touched, engraved, enjoyed or drunken out of in a very long time. This trophy was presented every year to the captain of the winning team of the now-defunct Innis Pub Crawl Competition.

The Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society, the official beer appreciation club of Innis College, will revive this hallowed Innis tradition in the spring of 1996. Dormant since the late 1980s, the competition ran from 1976 and was one of Innis' most awaited events. Recently at work I happened to meet an employee who was of Innis when she attended U. of T. until graduation in 1990. I asked her about her memories of Innis, saying she had a smokin'-good time, especially the Pub Crawl Competition. She told me everyone participated, had a great time, drunk some good brew and fell asleep on Robard's backyard. The Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society feels that this fine Innis tradition should be brought back once again for the beer lovers of Innis College.

The way the competition works is simple. Based on the information received from my friend at work, everyone is given a list of hints referring to pubs around school. An example would be "The Duchess' husband," referring to The Duke of York. The clues (decreasing in trickery as the night wears on and mental ability) must be solved and the pubs visited. While at the pubs, the teams will drink their favorite beers (or other alcoholic beverage if desired) and collect receipts. At the end of the night, we will all meet to determine the winner, based upon correct pubs visited and alcohol consumed. The winning team will get some cool free stuff from the Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society and the captain will have his/her name engraved on the monster Pub Crawl trophy, for the first time since 1987.

The competition ran from 1976 until the late 1980s, ending for some reason unknown to this writer. Simon B. Cotter, former Innis student and Yuk Yuk's comedy circuit journeyman, was the grand champion of the competition, captaining the winning teams from 1981 thru 1986.



The Holy Grail: Will give you eternal life if drunk from; however only if filled with a fine brew.

## THIS ARTICLE IS ANTI-FEMINIST AND IS SEXUAL IN NATURE AND CONTENT

by cass enright, prez of the beer connoisseurs society

Actually its not, but I just wanted to see if I could get your attention to preach to you more about beer. Please read on. Who knows, there may be some anti-feminist sexual fun in here somewhere....

As if you haven't read enough about us on this page so far (if you've actually lasted until here) I'd like to take some time to update everyone about the goings on of the club. As you may or may not know, the IBCS organized a highly successful pub crawl last month. Many many people showed up, and we trekked down to the Rotterdam Bar and Bistro on King Street and got a magnificent table setup in the centre of the bar. The beer and our seating was so good we decided to remain at the Rotterdam the whole night. (I know this goes against the definition of a 'crawl', but it was sooo cold and anywhere else we would have gone to was far away and we would have had to stand.)

But I am not writing to say how much I am amazed how many people at Innis do not know the definition of the words "free beer," I am writing to thank who showed up and to offer a hand to anyone who wants to come out to a future event. We will probably be having another crawl in January, this time a real crawl to more than one pub. There are many dense clusters of good pubs in the downtown core, and we plan on going straight into the heart of one.

As an unnamed Innis beer drinker told me, "You know, I really hated Innis until I joined the Beer Connoisseurs Society." The Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society can change people. It can change attitudes. Feeling down? Hating your life? A little thirsty? Then come out to the next beer club pub crawl and have a few good beers. If not, piss off.

By the way, C'est What? at Front and Church St, now has the famous Eisbock, the '96 edition, on tap for all connoisseurs enjoyment. I do not know how long it will last, but I tried it for the first time on tap a few days ago and was blown away. Not only was it a smooth 8% alcohol, it was just a great beer with an awesome whisky aftertaste. Eisbock is a true beer connoisseurs' beer so rush down to C'est What? and sample a pint for yourself.

The sexual stuff you might ask? Grafenberg! So there. That was some.



The Beer King: This could be YOU - if you participate in the Innis Pub Crawl competition....



Again I must plea to all Innis students who do not want to see this page written by only myself every month...I am looking for submissions to the Thirsty section - Funniest Drunk Stories - I know everyone has them - from their dark past to recent Christmas/New Year's holidays - we had a whole month off - plenty of time to slam back a few and life to tell! So please, write down your funniest, craziest or kookiest drunken story and hand it in to the Innis Herald office at Room 305 of the old Innis building. No submissions would inevitably lead me to believe everyone at Innis wants to see nothing on this page but my work! (Or maybe nobody reads this page anyway....or maybe you really do love me!)

Make  
Beer  
not  
Love

- famous(?) brewmeister's proverb



## "Mind the gap, I fell in!"

by Carolyn Parr

The first thing I learned about Toronto was the T.T.C. My first station was Spadina, home of the uncelebrated Spadina bus. What better way to be introduced to this city than a ride down Spadina through the potholes, among the smells? Sinister things happen on this bus. I rode alone at midnight on Halloween, in fake fur and whiskers. I would not recommend riding this bus dressed as an animal. It does not go over well. Maybe you could get away with it on the Queen car, but only if you were leashed to a Goth boy. Just remember, the real danger of Spadina lies in getting on the bus at the station. If you think of the storming of the Bastille you get the picture.

I think most people who hate the T.T.C. do so because they only ride during the day. That is a big mistake. The T.T.C. is lovely at night. Take the Bloor bus sometime. It only runs at night, bulleting along, spewing exhaust and passengers at every corner. It has been reliable for me in the past, it takes me from Bathurst to Brock in five minutes. It is my night-time friend. I love the singing sound the brakes make. It makes me try and imagine a thousand ways to die. Commuting is good for thinking creative thoughts such as this, unlike school.

I hate the corner of Bathurst and Bloor. Honest Ed's makes me want to throw up. If Vegas looks anything like a building of Ed Mirvish's I will move to Canada forever. The Bathurst streetcar is only slightly better than the corner from which it comes. Have you ever noticed that the most interesting things can happen when you ride it? For instance, you get stuck in traffic and it takes ten minutes to get from Bloor to Harbord. You get stuck in traffic and it takes another ten minutes to get to Dundas. In forty minutes you *could* reach Queen. The thing is, going north on the Bathurst car takes as much time as going south, only you spend it waiting outside at the stop. People often give me things on the Bathurst car, like advice, and Toronto Raptors/Shoppers Drug Mart calendar/basketball hoops. Then there are the drivers, who call you "missy." There was once a magnificent Bathurst driver who renamed all the stops and sung them out. This is what happens to unemployed opera singers.

Be sure to bring treats when you commute, music and little snacks. And mind the gap. I interviewed someone that didn't. Think of your trip as one long continuous motion. Breeze into the subway as elegantly and regally as you can. Watch impassively as the tired downtrodden masses let you through the doors first. Try to make the transitions smooth, keeping in mind what my room-mate told me, "the timing of subways is useless, the timing of buses is an art."

Above all, don't rush yourself. Be mentally prepared for delays due to suicides and other breakdowns. Enjoy the company of your fellow passengers, take advantage of the situation. You could start a six-stop romance with a business man. Offer him a chocolate cigarette, they seldom refuse. You could get off at the same station and walk opposite ways at the intersection. It could be nice.

## Anti-Subway, Uncle Rant

by Carlin Sandor

Subways. The breath of the centre, the heartbeat of the underworld. The hamster in the wheel of urban life. No, not really. It's just a big chunk of metal being hurtled at tremendous speeds right below us each and every day. Like herds of cattle we are rounded up and shoved into a box so crowded that you can't even scratch your ass without elbowing some little old lady in the eye. Bad thought.

Lately, this whole subject has become quite an obsession of mine. This organization called the TTC has managed to monopolize the underground, while at the same time creating this whole system of bureaucracy giving little men and women big uniforms and free reign on the magic train of power trips. They're just people, aren't they?

My opinion is that it's a cryin' shame that we humans have over-developed our surroundings to suit our greedy needs all in the name of the minute and the almighty dollar. We have overextended ourselves, cramming so many people into one place not ever thinking to leave space to roam freely. Now, we have to be divided and then subdivided into groups and try desperately not to lose even one itty-bitty second, as we fly through the ground. We don't belong there. If humans belonged underground we would have been born there. Insisting that we deserve to be there, cramming ourselves into a world where we just don't belong can only mean one thing in my eyes. DOOM!!

As if this world needs any more disasters... On top of the ultimate hatred of war and the excruciating pain of world hunger, the last thing we need is for all the dark and musty creatures from the deep blackness below to come to the surface, flash their fangs and end life as we know it. Already, subways have altered our natural behaviour with the introduction of the underground blank stare. Haven't you ever noticed the look in the eyes of most travellers of the underground. It's kinda scary, being a complete detachment from any natural human emotions, replacing it with an almost reptilian look, glazed and cold-hearted.

I hope the next time you're about to hand over your precious two dollars in support of the this-close-to-being-forementioned-organization, think twice and beware.



Wishful thinking

## Owen Gerrard

by Winter biking tips

Even the bravest of the brave buckle at the thought of bicycling their way to chemistry class (in mid-January or February for that matter.) Winter biking is harder, colder, scarier and more downright dangerous than any other time of the year. But the T.T.C. is too slow and crowded and who can afford a car (not to mention that every environmentally conscious student knows that cars are just fuckin' stinky), so some of us are forced to don our gortex armour and ride our metal steeds (be they steel, cromoly, aluminum, titanium or rust) off into the traffic. If you are one of the many and the foolish then here are some pointers on how to stay upright and rolling. (better than uptight and strolling. -Ed.)

The first thing to remember is **YOU NEVER EVER WANT TO BE WET!** Wet is bad, the wet will only make you colder and who wants that? So, you ask, how do I keep from getting wet? First don't fall down, second buy fenders, third wear the wonder material GORTEX. These three tips when used together should keep you dry.

Another problem is maintenance. Salt is the enemy of all metals! Salt will rust your chain, corrode and weaken your frame, and fuse your bottom bracket in its place. If any one of these things is happening to your bicycle then immediately wash your mount down with warm water and re-oil down your bike at the end of every riding day (every other day will do fine). Also be sure to fill your tires with cold air so that your tires don't go flat every time you take your bicycle outside (yes, physics applies to bicycles).

One of the toughest times to ride is during snow falls. The road gets slippery and icy, your tires get heavier from picking up snow, and all the cars go too slowly. My personal strategy is to use thin tires that cut the snow (slick tires pick up less snow but nobbies give you more traction) and go really fast so all the cars think I'm crazy and stay away from me.

Well, those are the best tips I can think of, but remember that no newspaper article can make up for practical experience, so you should really feel comfortable on ice and snow before attacking any major streets. Remember Two Wheels Good Four Wheels Bad.



The Next Rollicking Herald Meeting Will Take Place At Four p.m. on Thursday, January 11, 1996, in Innis College's famous "Pot" (sorry, that's "Pit" - tired Ed.)





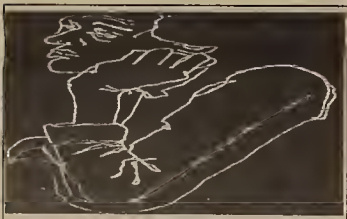
## UNTITLED

by O, Stakhanov

Oh god she's beautiful she must be what twenties at least twenties brother's age probably too old no maybe probably too old too far gone ha. But no she's beautiful in yellowing jeans and darkened jacket pacing around putting her coat down pick-

ing her coat up distracted as the wind caresses the leaves in autumn and kills them. Picking up her jacket putting it down again probably tense probably beautiful who's she waiting for maybe a husband but maybe she's not that old maybe she's not waiting for anyone of course in the arrivals section of the airport on Christmas day blizzard she's not waiting for anyone she's just hanging out she just likes planes but her face isn't really my type even if she looks like hazelnut you can't just say you know what she's like just by looking but she does look tense she does she is beautiful certainly but maybe too old wearing yellowy putting her coat out on the chair picking it up again. She walks by me she walks by me again she walks by me. She goes outside now and I can see one other person out there is she going out so I can say well I could have said to her hello but where would it have gone anyway I could have said hello not as some evil bastard but just to say hello because humanity requires communication we are both in the airport waiting how much we have in common! She's gone outside not really outside but to the airlock that these airports have the gap between the inner doors automatic and the outer doors the space between the real inside and the real outside the limbo of the inner aching outer souls of we who were lukewarm lukewarm all lifelong lukewarm where she's gone everyone's gone so she hasn't left even if she looks tense even if she isn't lukewarm at all maybe she is maybe not at all maybe she's just gone out there a little while maybe she likes the cold or seeing the snow fall fall she has her coat with her it's not that cold there not as cold as really cold outside but she hasn't gone out all the way out black hair and all black wet hair and beiging skin she hasn't gone all the way out even if I don't know at all what she's doing she hasn't gone all the way out actually she's standing behind me in her airlock she's looking out the other way I can see her from behind my eyes but since she hasn't gone all the way out I haven't got to the point of saying well you almost spoke to a beautiful girl at the airport today but you didn't take the opportunity you didn't say hello or anything after and she left but she hasn't left. She's come back in and I'm still sitting she's come back in but her coat isn't there any more she walks by me and away shit and I close my eyes but then again I see her drinking a coke she's just gone over to the coke machine to get a coke she's only drinking a coke she hasn't gone anywhere she hasn't left she just wanted to drink a coke so I'm not yet saying I missed a chance to talk to her

because she's still here so I can still not talk to her a little more and go over to that other window and see if anyone's come through here see if the plane's arrived but it hasn't and delayed snow and so I can come back over here and stand where I was sitting before, facing out to her airlock my limbo too where she's standing holding her lip and drinking her coke and she's not more than an arm away but through glass so thick she can't see me she's staring out at the cars not where the people come in off the plane but out at the cars taking one last look out at the cars and throwing her coke away because she's already finished it she drank it fucking fast she must have been thirsty she must be tense even in the time I went over to look out at the people fetching the wrong luggage the not-yet luggage not the right luggage yet she had drunk what half that coke, at least. And I'm standing and she looks this way but not really this way and I pretend not to look too and maybe that's why she doesn't see me because I pretend not to look maybe she looks at me the way maybe I'd look at a chair if I could be bothered if I weren't not looking at her and looking and she's got her bags thin leather elegant bags and artsy poster bag or cylindrical hat black bag or something and anyway she's inches away and I look around and nothing and I look back and out there's the cigarette it's there out into her mouth it's lit and smoking as if I had looked away and civilisations had declined and new ones had sprung up in their places out it is smoking away in the airlock where one other nondescript guy is smoking too if not her way and I could say I don't suppose you have a cigarette and ask her why she's tense because she's so beautiful just to talk to someone till the plane comes because she's so beautiful or I could be at home again in a few hours together and alone alone again in a few hours telling myself the story of why I didn't innocently say I don't suppose you have a cigarette in the hope that it might make my life clearer not give me cancer because she's throwing the pack away she threw it away after lighting it up the last one Benson and Hedges in those gold packs smoking her last cigarette so she couldn't possibly give me one which makes it imperative that I should ask her for one I don't suppose you have a cigarette if only because I know she can't give me one, but then I'd say you look tense and ask her why and we could talk and shake the veneer maybe this prison might take visitors, a last smoke for a condemned man who knows he'd never even say limbo and never even reach to say because even if he were even if he were working blindly a blind bastard cancerous cart-horse he knows he'd never reach anything not in this weather because he can't see what he's reaching for, like the man who wants to talk to the woman in the airport but really doesn't know why (to play?) and the planes are bringing more people out and more people mill but not the right people because it's not yet the right people or no perhaps never can it never be the right person and I stand and walk away and walk to the other window and nothing the wrong people and stand and walk back and stand and don't see black hair and eyes and don't see yellowing and don't see cigarette don't think to see stop thinking and walking out limb limbo neither in or out and both and walk and stop and Excuse me. I don't suppose you have a cigarette?"



## UNTITLED—MARIJKE'S SONG

He thinks no means yes and yes means no.  
He thinks I'm going to stay when I'm ready to go.  
He thinks he's God's gift to women.  
He thinks he's got it all worked out.  
He thinks he knows what I'm saying.  
Says I don't really need to shout.  
He says "I love you and that's no lie".  
Well that'd be fine if he were any other guy.  
He swears he didn't mean to hurt me.  
His fingers crossed behind his back.  
He promises not to desert me.  
But his fists are ready to attack.  
I can't take much more of this now.  
How much more will you dish out?  
I want to tell you that I'm leaving.  
Instead I'm in the ring for just one more bout.  
Well I didn't really mean to be here.  
Guess I was just following pattern.  
My life had goals and ambitions.  
Thought I was gonna save the world.  
But he stole all my inhibitions.  
Now I'm as helpless as a girl.  
Right now he holds the reins and he'll steer.  
But I pray one day I'll have my turn.  
I'm getting tired of the bruises,  
Hoping I'm strong enough to survive.  
They say it's the weaker one who loses.  
Well I just feel lucky I'm alive.  
I can't take much more of this now.  
How much more will you dish out?  
I try to tell you that I'm leaving.  
Instead I'm in the ring for just one more bout.  
I just feel lucky I'm alive.  
'Cuz it takes a lot in this ring to survive.

## LOVE ON THE ROCKS

by Dave Lazar

I tell you my dear of the wasteland  
Of the place we're all going to see.  
I tell you my dear of the ice age  
Of the freezing of both you and of me.

I see the glaciers coming,  
Advancing with sure footed grace.  
I see a quick frozen landscape  
of gold filtered hammers and face.

And I stand here my dear and I tell you  
Of a world which will come to a close  
If you'll walk there with me and remember  
I'll romance you and thaw you a rose.

So why don't you slip up my ice cap  
with your thick winter hat and your mitts  
And we'll dance on the ice while we're singing  
'Bout the people who froze at the Ritz

I'll hunt for our food with an ice pick  
where you will give birth to my child  
We'll wait in vain for a meltdown  
And pray for one day to be mild.

In my dream the freeze, it is coming,  
your baird, my wineskin our bliss  
In my dream we're the only survivors  
we'll yellow the ice with our piss.

And its you that climbs to my snow cone  
With your hand on my frozen right ear  
and instruct me that let us our comrade  
and I really have nothing to fear.

But I can't help the sense of foreboding  
as the sun descends to the West  
that the only heat to our future  
is the fire that burns in your breast.

So stand with me love through the ice age  
Brief me on your better lives  
Talk to me twice about tundra  
and I'll keep the frost from your thighs.

## TO ALL WHOM I LOST (OR LOST ME) '95

by C.

The beat made your eyes shine yet mine stayed blue.  
When you were gone I rose to stand up but  
When you came I was brought to my knees  
I would've given my heart but I couldn't  
Oh I tried; but it just wasn't worth it.  
You could have would have thrown it away.  
I thought it would have been great but alas  
What must I do? What I say is rarely  
Understood. How much will I keep trying?  
I am quite used to holding back the tears  
And saying good-bye. I am sorry but  
I can give my heart to someone else.  
Merry Christmas, please answer me this: when  
Will my eyes ever see a dance again?

## COQUETTE

I wanted  
I stared  
you turned  
you smiled  
I ducked my head  
in feigned shyness  
a coy glance  
from uplifted eyes  
on a hanging head

your look bore down on me  
my body posed in submission

you smiled  
you approached  
I faked unawareness  
I pretended the surprise  
you said a casual hello  
I smiled  
I laughed  
you touched my sleeve  
thinking all the while  
that it was you who wanted  
that it was you who stared



December 22, 1992, 1:35 AM

## How Not to Rob A Convenience Store

W. N. O'Higgins

"I know this is painful, but I have to say it anyway. If they have not found Grandfather by Monday, I do not think that they ever will. You have to see this as a possibility. You should go home and go to bed now. I will be along shortly, but I am going across to the store to play a video game. Okay, Jane? Come on, go to bed now, and think about it tomorrow."

"All right. You have a key? See you in the morning."

Jane snuffs her cigarette, and gets up slowly, pulling her jacket around her. She leaves the coffee shop without a backward glance, but I can see in her posture that she is crying again. I have no tears for Grandfather.

I settle the bill and cross the street, the city stink filling my nostrils as the dank Vancouver slush fills my shoes. I hurry across to the brightly lit convenience store, intent on my strategy for the game. The game always calms my nerves, and they are frayed and taut tonight.

I get into the game, forgetting. There is a bang — painfully loud. I look over my shoulder angrily, and see the man with the gun.

Time begins to slow, my movements ponderous and hesitant. I try to hide behind the video game. I am halted by a nervous shout.

"Hey you! Get up! Come out!"

There is a moment of hesitation wherein I think about who he might be talking to. Quickly I make the decision and I stand slowly, my eyes averted. Just as I come to my full height, with my hands outstretched, I look up at him. The only thought in my mind is to see this man perfectly, so that I can know him later, without giving him the impression that I have seen his face. I look and the details flood into my mind, organizing themselves. Then I see the gun. Big. Black. Hard. It is pointing at my chest. I see the eyes of the gunman, wide and lost, frightened. Oh god — he's scared. I stare at the ground.

My mind brings forth an image of me grabbing the gun. Faster than any thought before it, it is crushed. No! Don't even think it. I am harmless, I am harmless, I did not see you, I am harmless, I am moving slowly, I am harmless.

I walk to the store counter, and place my hands on it, wide apart. The steadiness of the counter is reassuring, and I can think again. I stare, unseeing, at the tickets to heaven. Every muscle is tense, every fiber is listening now.

"Open it! Open it now!" screams the gun. I can see him out of the corner of my eye, but I cannot see the clerk behind the counter. He wants the clerk to open the cash drawer.

I can hear the clerk now, and he is crying. He keeps saying that he can't. I don't know what he means. Why won't he give the gun the money?

I look at the man with the tiniest turn of my head. I have never made a movement that small, that insignificant. Suddenly, as if it was never there, my fear goes away. My muscles relax, little by little, over the course of ten seconds. The gun is just a tool. The man is just a man, nothing to fear. He is nervous, jittery. He wants something, but he is confused.

He turns suddenly and runs to the door. There is a sharp clack of steel on glass as the gun hits the door. The man grunts in pain. The door does not open. He takes a step back and throws himself at it. Again the clack of gun on glass, and again the door does not budge.

He turns back, the gun outstretched. I clench my whole body and try to shrink into myself. The gun is screaming again.

"Open it! Open it now!" he shouts, hoarse and inhuman.

"I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't," is the only reply from behind the counter.

The gun turns away and runs into the door. A third time he grunts in pain, and falls. He is a man again.

He stands and thrusts the gun in my face. It is a hand span away. He owns me. I cannot refuse the gun. My freedom is gone. He can hurt me forever, if he wants.

"Open it!", he screams. The voice seems to come from the barrel of the gun. I walk, unthinking, to the door, and pull it open, then press my face into the cold metal and brick sill. The gun rushes out behind me, and gone.

I walk to the counter again. Behind it is the clerk. He is writhing on the floor, crying and helpless. I see that he is hurt, and I act. As I reach for the phone on the wall, I feel the bullet rip into my back. I touch the phone, the bullet has not come. He is not there anymore. I dial 911. As they answer I bend down behind the counter, still feeling the imaginary bullet. The clerk has a hole in his chest. It is on the left side, just below the muscle. I try to hold him still, and cover him with a jacket. I remember to treat for shock. He does not respond to my voice, but still I talk to him.

"Police or ambulance, please," says the clear, sane voice from the phone. I almost cease to shake.

"Um ... both."

As I give the address I try to think about what I can do for the clerk. I remember my first aid, but it does not help. I must not think. I keep talking to the dispatcher.

"What happened?" asks the voice innocently, untouched by where I am and what has happened.

As I try to think of a way to explain what has occurred, I realize, and it hits like a fist in the stomach. The gun never spoke before he pulled the trigger. He shot the clerk and then asked for money. He was not sane, he could not think. He was not in control of himself, but he took my life away from me for time. He did not know what he was doing. My freedom was possessed by a man without any idea of what he held under his fingertip.

A policeman arrives and I retreat to huddle in a corner, trying not to think or break apart.

To Editor:

This is as true and accurate account of the events of December 22, 1992, as I am able to provide. I submit it as a response to the suggestion for an article on "How to Rob A Convenience Store". I find the topic in poor taste, but I am in position for it to be a real issue. I don't know how you want to present this piece, so I leave it up to your discretion. It could be given lots of interpretations that would attach it to an "issue", such as gun control, or the racism built into the police departments of this country, as no charges were ever laid and no investigation was ever followed up. The man shot was a Pakistani, and the man who shot him was white. This neglect is not uncommon in the Vancouver police department. I just don't want this published if it is to be treated as a joke, because it is still very real to me.



## LIFE, THE UNIVERSE, AND EVERYNOT-THING

by Jeff Perz

In the beginning... No, wait, sorry. There was no beginning. As of now, science has only uncovered about 60% of the matter necessary to halt and reverse the expansion of our universe. But wait, there's more: Those NASA guys were having the hardest time finding matter that is smaller than the wavelength of light. All those lurid leptons and quirky quarks are just too damn small to see and are thus called dark matter. Recently, a new technique was developed to view dark matter indirectly. The gravitational force exerted by dark matter distorts any starlight that may be near it. The potential of this new technique has barely been explored and promises to fill in the remaining matter required to prove that we live in an oscillating universe; and consequently, that there was no beginning. Also, if galaxies were only composed of visible matter, they would fly apart due to lack of mass. The oscillating model is the only one that accounts for the facts and is being used by the vast majority of physicists and astronomers today.

And God said... Whoops! Sorry, I did it again. This God person doesn't exist either. Well, She may but there is no way of finding out. Certain "modern" religious groups try to prove the existence of a personal creator by using the ontological argument, causal arguments, and especially the argument from design. All of these have been totally discredited for over 200 years. (If you don't believe me, read Immanuel Kant or any contemporary critical work of "God proofs". If reason can't do the job, maybe experience can. What about all those people who say that they "feel" the presence of the LORD? (in a Southern U.S. accent?) Well, the problem with feeling the Lord is that one may in actuality only be experiencing some trivial effect of meditation while in prayer. To be safe, one should ask the experts; the Western religious mystics. The funny thing about those Western mystics is that whether they are Jewish, Christian, or Muslim, they all describe 'God' in the same way. They say that God, the individual, and the Universe itself are all one in the same thing. God is not some transcendental personal creator. It is both everything and nothing. People, the stars, and everything else are like transverse waves on an ocean. Fundamentally, the reality of the universe lies within the 'waves' itself. This concept is called Pantheism and is a cornerstone of Eastern philosophy. The difference is that Eastern philosophy discards all the hoopla of the West and gets right to the point. OK, OK, Eastern religions do have their hoopla, but certain sects such as Zen (in Buddhism) do an excellent job of getting rid of religious hoopla. Zen narrows its focus to comprehension of reality as the means for realising absolute happiness.

The 2nd Law of Thermodynamics dictates that, given time, everything tends to shift. If the oscillating model of the universe turns out to be false, in billions and billions of years, all the matter and energy currently in the universe will be converted into empty space. If the oscillating model is correct, gravity will cause everything to happen in reverse. The subsequent expansion may not resemble the previous one in any way. This can lead to the view that life is one big accident and basically sucks. But why does life suck? Life sucks for exactly the same reason why there is any in the first place. Some of the first forms of life that appeared by chance had an insatiable impulse to exist. For obvious reasons the organisms that did not have this quality didn't last very long. We all thus have this egotistical desire to 'be' or be affirmed as distinct individuals. The only problem with this is that depressing 2nd Law of Thermodynamics. We're all going to die and eventually there is going to be nothing left. Our desire to be manifested itself in the most subtle ways during day to day life. The inevitable denial of this desire, no matter how subtle, causes psychological pain. FUCK! Life sucks! What can you do? You can identify with the Whole as well as with one's self. If you can swing that, all your egotistical pains and neuroses will melt into the One. The only problem is that this is an extremely hard feat to realize. The most efficient way is to drop out of society and become a Zen monk. You will then approach the actual comprehension that you are indeed just 'a drop in the ocean'.

The problem with this is that most people are not willing to drop out of egotistical society for what could be the rest of their life, on the off chance that they may realize their true nature, and finally be happy. If you're too attached to egotistical living to leave society, there are a few little things you can do to relieve pain. Partial understanding by way of the available literature helps: I recommend The Tao of Physics by Fritjof Capra, The Zen Doctrine of No-Mind by D.T. Suzuki, and Zen and The Psychology of Transformation by Hubert Benoit. One neat trick for getting rid of psychological distress is by focusing on it directly. Try to grasp the pain itself, not the particular mental images or thoughts associated with it. This in itself is fruitless, but the very act dissipates the pain.

## SUBMIT TO MY SECTION OR DIE!





## Horoscopes

**Aries** march 20-april 9

One January, the lonesome *de Puss*, celestial star of countless games of hearts, strapped her walking legs in high heeled shoes and strove off across the ice in search of inspiration. I would advise you to stay where you are, but Aries only do what they want, don't they?

**Taurus** april 20-may 20

There is a strange story of a frog who was turned into a prince against his wishes. Don't kid yourself, fancy mustaches and unlimited credit cannot compete with the husky sounds of a reedy lullaby.

**Gemini** may 21-june 20

The great Pujjabi sits in his velvet pleasure den playing with electricity. Be warned, fair Gemini, not to cross live wires.

**Cancer** june 21-july 22

"You seem sir, to have misplaced your soul, amid the holiday shuffle or the ecstasy of Boxing Day sales perhaps? May I show you our selection of replacements, available at a low monthly interest rate of..."

Don't do it Cancer!! She'll come back to you once you abandon the things you pushed her out for.

**Leo** july 23-august 22

You sexy jungle beast, purring and roaring your way through this new year. A cat like that is the most luxurious piece of property anyone has ever laid eyes on.

**Virgo** august 23-september 22

Virgo, the celestial darling, discards an old coat, disregards a new one, and slips into summer sheers fit to outdance the flurries. Dance for yourself Virgo, and you will dance for everybody.

**Libra** september 23-october 22

If you think kleenex and hangnails are all that's in store for you this month, lose the existential fit and remember this, "it would not be worthwhile being the devil if one had not diabolical vigour."

**Scorpio** october 23-november 21

Little exotic beast, curl away that venomous tail of yours and settle yourself into a pattern of decadence that everyone else can live with.

**Sagittarius** november 22-december 20

"Say there mister, think you could tell me where I'd find a watering hole in this icy city big enough for a girl with a thirst like mine?"

The gentleman obliged with pleasure. As did I.

**Capricorn** december 21-january 19

Get out of that charming little nest you've created for yourself and find someone in sexy lingerie to share it with. Don't be shy, it's no secret you have a penchant for oily satin.

**Aquarius** january 20-february 18

Floating in your ocean tidal wave are countless pieces of debris collected throughout the past year. I encourage you to abandon this flotsam and jetsam and enjoy a much deserved moment of peace and clairvoyance in your still waters.

**Pisces** february 19-march 19

In a west-end town, Sasha the Russian sits at a deli bar with his secretary Marjorie and her manic Dalmatian. They are too engrossed in erotic literature and iced mango drinks to anticipate the arrival of a messenger.

## QUIZ: FOREPLAY

1. Your definition of foreplay is:

- Beer.
- Playing the harpsichord with your genitals again.
- Cutting off your fingers with a rusty hacksaw!
- Heavy petting...of her budge / walrus.
- Your post-coital cigarette.

2. How long should foreplay ideally last?

- mach 3.
- 10 seconds.
- Your entire, entire life.
- Humm...peanut butter.
- Real swingers don't wear watches in bed.

3. If during foreplay, your lover is forcibly defenestrated you should:

- Keep on going as if nothing has happened.
- Leap out of the window behind them.
- Hmm...peanut butter.
- Why would you want to be depenetrated?
- You pervert.

4. What should you do after foreplay?

- fiveplay.
- twoplay.
- multiply.
- regenerate, like the Borg.
- It. It. It. It. It. It. It. It. (etc).

5. If you had to engage in foreplay with Napoleon would you:

- tickle his earlobes.
- Dress him up as goldilocks.
- Stick his hand in another snug glove.
- He's dead, pervert.
- So?

6. Foreplay is best...

- No it isn't.
- Very luscious. Very rocking.
- Upside down.
- During "War and Peace".
- Any time is foreplay time! Just ask the Pope!

7. Which of the 7 deadly sins best describes your foreplay technique?

- greed.
- sloth.
- pride.
- the one about sticks.
- absence.

Score 10 points for each question you answered "a", 0 points for anything else. If you scored...congratulations. However, if you made:

- 0 - 10 points. Call Dr. Ruth collect, or talk sex with Sue (you know, Sue).
- 10 - 20 points. Sod off, you apathetic Mr Average type person.Go away.You tire me so.
- 20 - 30 points. What's my phone number?

## Pipe Dreams

by Nathaniel Wootten XI

Water is arguable the most vital resource. From the beginning of human civilization its importance in agriculture, transportation, and economic development is unparalleled by any other resource (including petroleum). The average member of the Greater Toronto Areas (GTA) routinely consumes 360 litres (80 gallons) of water each day. To meet the demand of metro's growing population (2.9 millions) with fresh water, and treatment of industrial and household sewage metro's answer has been major engineering projects.

The Pipe Dreams exhibit at Metro Archives is a revealing look at the history of water and sewage infrastructure development in the GTA. The exhibition includes information text with large black and white photographs depicting the construction of the rat maze of water supply and sanitation - storm sewer pipelines. Also on display is a water efficient toilet which uses far less water than conventional toilets which consume up to 20 litres per flush. The toilet is accompanied by an enormous rusty steel pipe.

The must-see exhibition provides valuable insight into the folly of human engineering (hence the title Pipe Dreams) and the "end of pipe" solution to pollution problems. All who attend will get a rare glimpse of the infrastructure of our city. A prior understanding of global-regional-scale fresh water issues is helpful.

The majority of the earth's fresh water is prohibitively salty (97%) and only 3% is fresh water, and of all the fresh water, 75% is frozen in the polar ice caps. The Great Lakes are endowed with 20% of the planet's water budget. Instead of carefully stewarding its sustainability we continue on a path of resource abuse.

The sewage treatment plants built to cleanse water actually release significant amounts of phosphorus, heavy metals and organochemicals. In addition, treatment of sewage uses three times the amount of energy required to bring it to your piss pot. If water consumption is not curbed Metro will be forced to allocate billions more for sewage treatment plants like the one which serves the University of Toronto. A part of everyone of us is there or has passed its way into the Lake.

"Pipe Dreams" is a bold attempt at confronting our shyness over this issue. Our "out of sight, out of mind" mentality is no longer acceptable. Simple solutions (see water tips below) along with fundamental shifts in our approach to water issues must occur. Water conservation and efficiency of use must replace the historical trend towards increased water consumption and waste water generation.

### Water Tips

- 1) Use water saver shower heads, toilet dams, tap aerators
- 2) If its yellow let it mellow, If its brown, flush it down
- 3) Use enviro-friendly cleaning products like vinegar, baking soda
- 4) Don't use toxic bleach in laundry or cleaning products
- 5) water plants with nutrient rich dsh water
- 6) Don't drink imported water such as Evian because it is a waste of petroleum and Lake Ontario water remains arguably drinkable.

